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VOL. VI. 1ST. JANUARY TO 30TH. JUNE, 1891.

INDEX TO ENGRAVINGS.

Art Subjects.

Amalfi—From the painting by Salles	523
Antigone and Ismene—From the painting by Teschendorff	344
Beach, On the—From the painting by Haquette	339
Beatrice, Dante's	476
Breakfast, The—From the painting by Papperitz	145
Coquetry—From the painting by Palmarioli	262
Day Dreams—From the painting by Hoesslin	519
Delilah—From the painting by Heva	320
Cromans	300, 301
Egyptian Slave, An	120
Fair Shot, A	45
Fisherman's Love, The	92
Flower Gathering	611
Happy Family, The	527
Innocence—From the painting by Gardner	216
Jesus and the Erring Woman	563
Ladies Apartments, In the	9
Lair, The	85
Last Roses of Pastum, The—From the painting by Salles	428
Life Studies, Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibition	540, 541, 542
Lion at Home, The	591
Making a Haul	155
New Brunswick Sketch, A	84
New Year and the Old, The	1
Night	481
Olivia—From the painting by Seifert	15
Petrucio—From the painting by Richter	169
Professor, The Old	607
Quaco Light, N.B.—From the painting by J. C. Miles	444
Rivals, The	24
Taking the Road	518
Treasure Box, once the property of Sir Isaac Newton	205
Undine—From the painting by Conrad Keisel	609
You Darling—Supplement to No. 149	391
War	391

British Columbia.

Cariboo Road Bridge	313
Esquimaux, Royal Naval Field Gun Drill	525
Glacier in the Selkirk, The Great	9
Illecillewaet Canon	505
Indians, Hut of Squamish Tribe	149
Indians, Totem poles and Houses of	254, 255
Nanaimo River, Scenes on the	241
Vancouver—Tree in Stanley Park	265
Victoria—Niagara Canon Falls, near	457

Canadian Churches

Antigonish, N.S.—Cathedral and Convent	375
Brantford—Mohawk Church	53
Exeter, Ont.—The Trivitt Memorial Church	514
Halifax—Garrison Chapel	305
Old Dutch Church	204
Montreal—Bonsecours Church	220
Canning Street Methodist	388
St. Andrews (Church of Scotland)	357
St. James Methodist	310
Ottawa—St. Albans Church	598
Quebec—Basilica or R. C. Cathedral	247
Tadousac—Old Chapel at	568
Toronto—Blair Street Presbyterian	468, 469
St. James Cathedral	280

Cartoons.

Alderman's Holiday Excursion	480
Chucked!	552
Greatest Nation on Earth	90
Hint to Montreal Park Committee	576
Montreal Street Car Life	240, 329
Perils of Life in Montreal Streets	117
Street Scene in Montreal	211
Self Made, too!	168
Two Bad Eggs	432
Trying it on	139

Historic Canada

Berthier-en-Haut—The Cathbert Chapel	184, 185
Brant's Tomb	53
Chamblly—Old Fort at	385, 396, 397, 403
Duck Lake—Monument to Heroes of	337
Funeral of Sir John Macdonald	576 to 600
Iroquois Compatriots, Our	492, 493
Kingston—Martello Towers	404, 494
Tete-de-Pont Barracks	8
Montreal—Old Military Buildings on St. Helen's Island	443
Niagara—Fort in 1759	162
Quebec—Wolfe's Monument	250
Wolfe and Montcalm Monument	25
Parliament, Opening of	433 to 439
St. John, N.B.—Deed of Sale of Slave in 1797	298
Martello Tower	70
Tadousac—Old Chapel at	568
Windsor, N.S.—Block House and Barracks	508
Vukon River—Series of Views	520

Manitoba and the North-West.

Calgary Lacrosse Team	21
Campbell, Robert	416
Canadian Cowboy, A	187
Duck Lake—Monument to Heroes of	337
Snowshed Construction in the North-West	189
Winnipeg Lacrosse Club	415
Secretaries to Ministers	93
Vukon River—Series of views	520

Military Views.

Bog, Lieut. Col.	551
Chamblly—Old Fort at	396, 397, 403
Bastion of Old Fort	385
Duck Lake—Monument to Heroes of	337
Esquimaux—Royal Naval field gun drill	525
Grant, Lieut. Jas. W.	451
Halifax—	
Duke of Wellington's Regiment, 2nd Batt.	235
Garrison Chapel	395
West Riding Regt., Embarkation of	364
Kingston—	
"A" Battery R. S. A., on parade	14
Martello Tower, Cedar Island	404
Martello Tower, Fort Frederick	494
Tete-de-Pont Barracks, Main Gate	8
Lewis, the late Lieut. Col.	232
London, "D" Company, R. S. I.—	
Band	202
Barracks	199
Officers	198
Non Commissioned Officers	200
Sketches of Regimental Life	201
Mackay, The late Capt. H. B.	502
Massey, Lieut. Col.	35
Moltke, Count Von	430
Montreal—	
Old Military buildings, St. Helen's Island	443

Sixth Fusiliers, Presentation of new colours	612, 613, 614
Victoria Rifles, Inspection of	493
Niagara—The Fort in 1759	162
Quebec—Scenes at Review	559
St. John's Gate	60
Wolfe's Monument	250
Wolfe and Montcalm Monument	25
Rogers, Lieut. Col.	543
Rogers, Major Robert	426
St. John, N.B.—Martello Tower	70
Toronto, "C" Company, I. S. C.,	
Barracks	132
Boat House	133
Canadian Regular, A	121
Officers' quarters and view from	132, 133
Officers, The	134
Warrior Monks of the Sahara	574
Windsor, N.S., Block House and Barracks, Fort Edward	508

Miscellaneous.

Australia—Views in Melbourne	392
Boys' Brigade, Pioneer Canadian Company	555
California—Views in Ontario, S. Cal.	296
Canadian Cowboy	187
Canadian, A young	331
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Driving Park	29
Commercial Travellers' Association, Dominion	
Annual Dinner	17
Chess Room	12
Directors	37
Directors for 1890-91	57
Officers	36
Past Presidents	41
Reading Room	12, 13
Secretary's Office	13
Dominion Coat of Arms, Proposed design of	311
Fourth Bridge, The	459
Going to church in olden days	407
Jersey, Scenes in the Island of	188
Nelson's Monument, Montreal	615
Newfoundland delegates at the bar of the House of Lords	512
Oldest cast iron bridge in the world	603
Parliament of Canada, Opening of	433, 439
Pilgrimage, A Reverent (See Scotland)	
Royal Naval Exhibition, London	515
St. John's, Nfld., View of	594
Snowshed Construction in the North-West	189
Thousand Islands, Scenes in the	21
Warrior Monks of the Sahara	574
Women of the Guard Marching down the Mall	538
Vukon River, Series of views	520

Montreal.

Belmont Park, Winter scene	244
Bonsecours Church	220
Cricket Match on McGill College Grounds	624
Gymnastics in Montreal—	
Girls of Miss Barnum's Class	501
McGill University, Roman Pyramids	466
Hunt Club	97, 106, 107, 108, 109
Ice cutting on the St. Lawrence	340, 341
Ice shove in the harbour	407
Jamaica Exhibition, Montreal Cotton Co's Ex.	72
Methodist and Presbyterian S. S. Annual Gathering	32, 33
Methodist Church, Canning Street	388

Mount Royal, A Quiet Corner	395
Mount Royal Cemetery, Entrance to	277
Mountain Park, A turn in the Road	479
Nelson's Monument	615
Notre Dame St., View during widening of	56
Opening of Navigation, Scene at the wharf	430
Scenes at fire at Bonsecours Market	238
Scenes at burning of G. T. R. Freight Sheds	180
Scene after fire on Craig Street	55
Snowshoe Club, St. George's, 135, 138, 140	
St. Andrews (Church of Scotland)	357
St. Helen's Island, Old Military Buildings	443
St. James Methodist Church	310
Sixth Fusiliers, Presentation of new colours	612, 613, 614
Victoria Bridge, Winter view	321, 353
Victoria Rifles, Scenes at Inspection of	493
Windsor Hotel, New Hall	153
Y. M. C. A., new building—Plan showing cause of collapse	315

New Brunswick.

Campbellton, Scenes at	165
Fredericton, The Post Office	189
Hampton Village	171
Kennebecasis River, View on the	153
Magaguadavic Falls, St. George	360, 601
New Brunswick Sketch, A	84
Poppiok Bridge, Near Woodstock	529
Poppiok (No. 2), Victoria County	566
Quaco Light (From Painting by Miles)	444
St. John—Bicycle Club	77
Boys' Brigade, Pioneer Canadian Company	555
Deed of sale of slave (facsimile) 1797	298
Old Martello Tower	70
Plan of Harbour	355
View of Harbour, West Side	356
St. John River, Great log jam	71
St. Martins, Anvil Rock	491

Newfoundland.

Delegates at the Bar of the House of Lords	512
Morine, A. B.	527
St. John's, View of	594
Whiteway, Sir Wm. V.	527

Nova Scotia.

Antigonish, Convent, Cathedral and College	375
Chignecto Ship Railway 420, 421, 422, 423, 424	
Halifax, Duke of Wellington's Regt., 2nd Batt.	235
Duke of Wellington's Football team	183
Garrison Chapel	305
Market Scene	237
Nova Scotia Yacht Club House	518
Old Dutch Church	204
West Riding Regt., Embarkation of	364
Moose River Falls, Winter view	454
Springhill Colliery Explosion 228, 229, 230, 231	
Windsor, Blockhouse and Barracks, Fort Edward	508

Ontario.

Bellefonte, New Bridge at	404
Scenes during Flood in April	394
Berlin, Roman Catholic College	72
Brantford, Sketches around—	
Brant's Tomb, Mohawk Church etc.	53
Mohawk Institution	157, 158
Don Valley, near Toronto, Scene in	79

INDEX TO ENGRAVINGS.—Continued.

Exeter, The Trinity Memorial Church.....	514
Georgian Bay, Scenes in (nine views) 372, 373	
Glenora Park, Near Toronto.....	4
Hamilton, St. Peter's Home for Incurables.....	64
Humber, Scene on the River.....	409
Iroquois Compatriots, Our.....	492, 493
Kingston and Vicinity:—	
"A" Battery, R. S. A., on Parade.....	14
Catarqui Cemetery, Chapel.....	597
City Hall and Court House.....	565
Funeral of the late Sir John A. Macdonald (views at Kingston) 594, 595, 596, 597, 600	
Martello Tower, Cedar Island.....	494
Martello Tower, at Fort Frederick.....	494
Park, view in the.....	154
Penitentiary Building.....	272
Queen's University Football Team.....	46
Residence of Warden of Penitentiary	273
Tete-de-Pont Barracks, Main Gate.....	8
London, "D" Company, I. S. C., 198, 199, 200, 201	
Hunt Club, Meet of the.....	199
Niagara,—Fort in 1759.....	162
Midwinter Scene, Prospect Park.....	161
Mowat Gate, Queen Victoria Park.....	61
Table Rock House in winter.....	73
Ottawa,—Canadian Rugby Football team	78
Earncliffe.....	579
Funeral of late Sir John A. Macdonald—Views at Ottawa—577, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 588, 589, 590, 593, 594, 598	
Parliament, Opening of 433, 436, 438, 439	
St. Alban's Church.....	598
Pictou—Ladies' Infantry Drill Company.....	537
Queenston—Village of.....	332
Seaford—Star Hose Company.....	83
Toronto and Vicinity:—	
Bloor Street Presbyterian Church.....	468, 469
"C" Company I. S. C.....	121, 132, 133, 134
Horse Show.....	393
Life Studies at Art Exhibition.....	540, 541, 542
Normal School, In Gallery of.....	483
School of Practical Science.....	548
Sherbourne Street Bridge.....	461
St. James Cathedral.....	280
Women's Medical College.....	499
Yacht Club House.....	376
Walkerton—Lacrosse Club.....	148

P. E. Island.

Charlottetown, The Driving Park.....	29
Chief Louis, Micmac Indians, P. E. I.....	217
Hodgson, Hon. Edward J.....	536

Portraits

Akins, The late T. B.....	507
Almon, Hon. W. J.....	237
Archbishop of York, The.....	295, 458
Ashton, Rev. R.....	157
Bog, Lieut.-Col.....	551
Campbell, Robert.....	416
Chief Louis, Micmac Indians.....	217
"C" Company, I. S. C., Officers of:—	
Evans, Lieut.....	
Laurie, Lieut.....	
MacDougall, Capt.....	
Otter, Lieut.-Col.....	
Strange, Dr.....	
Vidal, Major.....	134
Commercial Travellers' Association:—	
Benjamin, F. P.....	57
Birks, F.....	36
Black, D. D.....	57
Boulter, Geo.....	41
Boxer, S. S.....	37
Browne, Geo.....	37
Cains, G. L.....	37
Cantlie, C. A.....	41

Cote, F. S.....	37
Croil, Jas.....	37
Dumaresq, E.....	37
Elliott, A.....	37
Gowdey, Alex.....	41
Hughes, Fred.....	36
Hutchison, R. B.....	41
Lockerby, D. L.....	41
Murdoch, Max.....	37
Patten, Col. O. P.....	36
Piche, G.....	41
Robertson, Andrew.....	41
Sumner, Geo.....	41
Taylor, John.....	57
Wadsworth, H. W.....	36
Waugh, W.....	37
Curran, J. J.....	20
Dansereau, A.....	406
Dawson, Dr. G. M.....	186
Dorion, The late Sir A. A.....	619
Edwards, A. C.....	527
Gobeil, A.....	163
Gordon, Dr. E. P.....	478
Grant, Lieut. James W.....	451
Grimwood, Frank St. Clair.....	451
Hazen, J. Douglas.....	531
Hodgson, Hon. Edward J.....	536
Jones, The late Rev. K. L.....	295
Kinglake, The late Alexand r.....	44
Labelle, The late Rev. Mon-gr A.....	40
Lacoste, Hon. A.....	558
Laird, The late Rev. W. H.....	119
Large, Mrs. E. Spencer.....	243
Lavell, Dr.....	282
Lewis, The Late Lieut.-Col.....	232
Lewis, The late Mr. John.....	619
Lindsay, The late Rev. Rural Dean.....	34
Littlehales, Miss Edith.....	477
Lord Mount-Stephen.....	623
Macdonald, The late Sir John A.....	553
Also supplement to No. 155	
Macdonald, Lady.....	580
Mackay, Capt. H. B.....	502
Massey, Lieut.-Col.....	35
Manitoba Government, Secretaries to Ministers:—	
Pritchard, A. W.....	
Smith, J. O.....	
Urquhart, M.....	93
Moltke, Count Von.....	430
Montreal Board of Trade, Officers:—	
Al'an, H. Montagu.....	156
Archer, Robert.....	156
Budden, Henry A.....	156
Hadriil, Geo.....	163
White, Richard.....	156
Montreal Hunt Club, Officers:—	
Allan, H. Montagu.....	106
Baumgarten, A.....	107
Campbell, Capt.....	107
Crawford, John.....	106
Gault, L.....	107
Hooper, G. R.....	107
Major, E. J.....	107
McEachran, Dr. Chas.....	106
Miller, W. R.....	107
Paton, Hugh.....	107
Stevenson, J. Alex.....	106
Strathy, J. Alex. L.....	115
Montreal Methodist S. S. Association, Officers:—	
Beall, W. J.....	
Hall, Rev. Dr.....	
Knox, Wm.....	
Wells, Rev. Dr.....	33
Montreal Presbyterian S. S. Association, Officers:—	
Archibald, G. H.....	
Fraser, D. Torrance.....	
Mackay, Rev. Dr.....	
Smith, J. Murray.....	33
Montreal, St. George's Snowshoe Club, Officers and Directors for 1890-91:—	
Adams, R. P.....	

Arnoldi, E. C.....	
Bell, T. D.....	
Godfrey, C. H.....	
Hardy, C. R.....	
Howard, C. E.....	
Howard, S.....	
Kirkhouse, R. T.....	
Knowles, W. M.....	
Mackenzie, Ross.....	
Selater, C. P.....	138
Morine, A. B.....	527
Mowat, Rev. A. J.....	40
Peters, T. W.....	406
Plimssoll, Samuel.....	91
Quinton, James W.....	451
Read, The late Henry.....	365
Ritchie, Miss Octavia Grace.....	365
Rogers, Lieut.-Col.....	543
Rogers, Major Robert.....	426
Rubenstein, Louis.....	128
Sergeant, L. J.....	49
Shaw, Rev. Anna.....	119
Shea, Lieut. Maurice.....	618
Verner, F. A.....	205
Wallis, Sir Provo.....	368
Weld, The late William.....	91
White, Hon. Peter.....	435
Whiteway, Sir William V.....	527

Portraits in Groups.

Calgary Lacrosse Team.....	21
Commercial Travellers' Ass'n, Directors.....	37
Directors for 1890-91.....	57
Officers.....	36
Past Presidents.....	41
"C" Company, I. S. C., Officers.....	134
"D" Company, I. S. C., Officers.....	198
Non-Commissioned Officers.....	200
Duke of Wellington's Football Team.....	183
Iroquois Compatriots, Our.....	492, 493
Kingston—Queen's University Football Team.....	46
Montreal:—Hunt Club, Officers of, 106, 107	
Methodist S. S. Ass'n Officers.....	33
Presbyterian S. S. Ass'n Officers.....	33
St. George's Snowshoe Club, Officers	138
Ottawa Football Team.....	78
Pictou, Ont.—Ladies' Infantry Drill Co.....	537
Quebec Mining Association.....	475
St. John, N. B., Bicycle Club.....	77
St. John's, P. Q., Snowshoe Club.....	316
Toronto, Woman's Medical College.....	499
Walkerton Lacrosse Club.....	148
Winnipeg, Private Secretaries to Manitoba Ministers.....	93
Lacrosse Club.....	415

Quebec (General.)

Berthier, Grammar School.....	429
Wharf at.....	335
Berthier-en-Haut, Cuthbert Chapel.....	184, 185
Chambly, Old Fort at.....	396, 397, 403
Bastion of old Fort.....	385
Chambly Canton, Entrance to Old Bridge	316
Isle-aux-Noix, a Twilight Sketch.....	48
The Moat.....	249
Kamouraska, Court House.....	264
Scenes at.....	125
Lachine, Lower, Bridge at.....	429
Lake of the Two Mountains, Scenes on the.....	536
Laprairie, Summer Scene at.....	407
Lennoxville, Ruins of burned School and Chapel.....	206
Lumber Woods, Sketches in.....	322, 323, 324, 342, 343, 361, 363, 401, 402
Maple Sugaring Scenes.....	417
Memphremagog Lake, Scene on.....	207
Mining Association, Members of.....	475
Montmorenci Falls.....	193
River and Bridge.....	56
Quebec City, Views at:—	
Basilica or R. C. Cathedral.....	247

Lemoine, J. M., Residence of.....	289
Lieutenant Governor, Residence of.....	289
Review, Scenes at.....	559
Ruins of Worsted Mill after Explosion.....	175, 187
St. John's Gate.....	60
Wolfe's Monument.....	256
Wolfe and Montcalm, Monument.....	25
Richelieu River, View at Mouth.....	257
Repairing Steamer St. Lawrence.....	233
St. Anne's, G. T. R. Bridge.....	446
St. Hilaire Mountain, Winter View.....	268
St. John's Snowshoe Club.....	316
View in Churchyard, St. James Church.....	71
Sorel, Ferrying Passengers Across.....	297
Lincoln College.....	375
Tatouac, Old Chapel at.....	568

Scotland.

Canongate Tolbooth, Edinburgh.....	223
Collegiate Church, Re-talrig.....	223
Corstorphine Church.....	223
Dryburgh Abbey.....	382
Sir Walter Scott's Tomb.....	449
Duddingston Church Gateway.....	222
Dundee, and Church Tower of.....	485
Dunkeld Cathedral, From the River.....	487
View from Cathedral Tower.....	486
Edinburg from the Calton Hill.....	221
Holyrood Palace and Arthur's Seat.....	181, 182
Old Grayfriars Church.....	182, 183
St. Giles Cathedral.....	102, 103
St. Mary's Cathedral.....	222
Elgin Cathedral.....	550
Forth Bridge, The.....	450
Glasgow Cathedral.....	274, 275, 276
Iona Cathedral.....	348, 349
Jedburgh Abbey.....	383, 449
Kelso Abbey.....	383
Kirkwall Cathedral.....	333
Earl's Palace.....	334
St. Magnus Cathedral.....	333
Melrose Abbey.....	382, 449
Old Man of Hoy.....	334
Paisley Abbey.....	276
Perth, St. John's Church.....	485
Roslin Chapel.....	448
St. Andrews Cathedral.....	450
Stirling Castle.....	276
Thurso, St. Peter's Church.....	549

Sports and Pastimes.

Alcantara, Jr.....	260
Calgary Lacrosse Team.....	21
Charlottetown Driving Park.....	29
Cricket Match on McGill College Grounds	624
Duke of Wellington's Football Team.....	183
London Hunt Club, Meet of the.....	199
Montreal Hunt Club:—	
Committee for 1891.....	107
Grand Yard.....	108
Hounds, Group of.....	109
Hunting Morning at the Kennels.....	108
Huntsman and Hounds.....	97
Officers for 1890-91.....	106
On the way to the Meet.....	97
Past Masters.....	107
Small Yard.....	109
Steam Brush for Cleaning Hounds.....	108
Montreal—St. George's Snowshoe Club:	
Club House on the Mountain.....	140
Officers and Directors for 1890-91.....	138
Scene at the At Home.....	135
Nova Scotia Yacht Club House.....	518
Ottawa (Canadian Rugby) Football Team	78
Queen's University Football Team.....	46
St. John, N. B., Bicycle Club.....	77
St. John's, P. Q., Snowshoe Club.....	316
Toronto Yacht Club House.....	376
Walkerton Lacrosse Club.....	148
Winnipeg Lacrosse Team.....	415

INDEX TO LETTER-PRESS.

A	
Alcantara, Jr.	263
American Artists and America.	354
American Hotels, Reminiscences of.	94
Anvil Rock, St. Martin's N. B.	487

B	
Bald Heads vs. Rockets.	259
Balfour's Sudden Fame.	416
Behring Sea Question.	47
Books, Sufferings and death of.	94
Boys' Brigade.	567
Britain, Canada and the States.	470, 488, 564
British Columbia Letter.	43, 61, 116, 180, 214, 261, 273, 309.
British Empire, Sun never Sets on the.	474
Buddhist Encyclopedia, A.	319
Burmah, A Morning's Ride in Upper.	60

C	
Canadians in the United States.	371
Canadian Historian, A.	462
Census, A Story of.	478
Chignecto Ship Railway.	422
Christmas Reverie, A.	19
Churches, Our Canadian:—	
Basilica Minor, Quebec.	259
Bloor Street Presbyterian, Toronto.	478
Bonsecours, Montreal.	227
Old Chapel at Tadousac.	569
St. Andrews, Church of Scotland, Montreal.	339
St. James Cathedral, Toronto.	286
St. James, Methodist, Montreal.	311
Trivitt Memorial, Exeter, Ont.	515
Clapping Hands as a Salute.	259
Combatants and Non-Combatants.	567
Commercial Travellers' Association, Dominion.	14
Confederate Prisoners in the North.	294
Correspondence:—	
Credit where Credit is Due.	418
Dominion Coat of Arms.	311, 395
Identity of T. P. B.	237
Mr. Longley's Political Creed.	311, 352, 418, 451
Name of Toronto.	587
Curling.	278
Current Topics.	2, 26, 50, 74, 98, 122, 146, 170, 194, 218, 242, 266, 290, 314, 338, 362, 386, 410, 434, 458, 482, 506, 530, 602.

D	
Darkest England.	425
Dawson, Presentation to Vicar General.	45
Dominion Coat of Arms, Design for.	311
Dorion, The late Sir A. A.	619
Dr. Byles and His Daughter.	445
Dufferin, Lady, in India.	45
Duke of Wellington, Letter from.	24
Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regt., 2nd Batt.	239

E	
Easter.	294
Editorial:—	
Africa, In Darker.	2
American Press on Canada, The.	170
Apology, A Manly.	602
Appeal to The Country, The.	122
Archbishop of York, The late.	458
Archives Report for 1890, The.	314
Aristotle's Lost Work.	170
Balfour, Mr.	194
Bancroft, The late Mr.	74
Bedford, The late Duke of.	98
Behring Sea.	410
Behring Sea Dispute, The.	74
Behring Sea Matter, The.	26
British News by Cable.	434
Canada and the U. S. Senate.	122
Carry High the Colours.	530
Cattle Export Investigation, The.	50
Church and People, The.	170
Debate, The First.	434
Elections, The Civic.	98
Elections, The English Press on the.	290
Elgin Marbles, The.	50
Empress Frederick in Paris, The.	218
English Literary Club.	122
Fire Eating Ex-Minister, A.	338
Goldwin Smith on Loyalty.	146
Grand Trunk Railway, The.	221
Granville, The late Earl.	314
Hawaiian Islands, The.	74
Historical Society, A Canadian.	50
Hurtful Reading.	50
Immigration.	338
India, The too h in.	506
Indi in War, The.	26
Ireland, Affairs in.	194
Island Sentiments.	290
Jamaica Exhibition, The.	170
Journalism, The "Horrible" in.	314
Jury System, The.	266
Leicestershire Regiment, The.	218
Lesperance, The late Mr.	266
Liberals vs. Nationalists.	266

Liberal Party and Annexation, The.	194
Libraries, Public	98
Lord Lorne on Canada.	506
Loyalist Literature	482
Macdonald, Sir John A.	578
Manipur Outrage, The.	482
Militia, The Needs of the	386
Mobs in American Cities	266
Moltke, Count Von.	410
Montreal Post Office.	26
Montreal, 1642-1692	362
Montreal Board of Trade.	122
Naval Defence, Canada and.	242
Navy, Growth of the.	242
Newfoundland. 2, 290,	362
Newfoundland and Canada.	434
New Orleans Tragedy, The.	266
New Year, Thoughts for the	2
Our Position	218
Our Readers, To	410
Our Sister Dominion.	338
Parliament, The Opening of	434
Parnell, Mr.	2
Political Zeal, Unnecessary	242
Portugal.	386
Premier, Our Late	554
Premier, The	530
Premier and the C. P. R., The	602
Provincial Subsidies.	386
Queensland.	20
Readers, To our	2
Reciprocity, Past and Present.	362
Royal Society, The.	458
Ruffianism in St. Johns.	506
Russia, Life in	146
Sherman, General.	170
Sitting Bull.	26
Snowstorms in England, The	242
Springhill Disaster, The.	194
Springhill Relief Fund, The	218
Stab in the Back, A.	194
Steamship Service, The	410
Stevenson, The late Rev. Dr.	122
Sunday Observance Bill, The	530
Toronto Belt Railway, The.	482
Tranby Croft, The Awful Disclosures at.	602
United Empire Loyalists, The.	218
Vancouver Trade Banquet, The	458
Winter Season, The.	26
Editor's Table. . . 40, 164, 236, 278, 328, 368,	400, 582, 583,
Elections, Reflections upon the Recent.	261
Empress of India.	521
England, Darkest	425
Engravings, Our. . . 10, 34, 69, 90, 119, 126,	147, 186, 210, 232, 243, 282, 294, 315,
	319, 339, 367, 387, 430, 451,
	477, 558, 618.
Ethics of Canoeing.	556, 616
F	
Fame, The Cost of	359
Federation, Soon or Never.	395
Fiction:—	
Ayres of Studleigh, The. . . 378, 398, 412,	452, 472, 496, 509, 532, 560, 585, 605.
Baines, A Sketch.	317
Curate's Dilemma, The.	283
Doctor's Dream, A.	350
Fate of Cecil Charteris, The.	136
Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures in the Moon, 70, 143, 190, 234, 312, 359, 599, 608	
Flossie's Christmas Present to Her Mamma.	16
For Faith and King. . . 3, 30, 62, 81, 104, 123, 166	
Kelly's Wife	345
Krumiser Mystery, The.	75
Lady Airedale's Last Visitor	110
Lady Ellinor's Romance.	177
Leap Year Story, A.	591
Lunatic Lover, A.	38
Mistaken Kindness, A. 522, 544	
Mrs. Daintrey's Niece.	212
Nelly Barton's Lover.	158
People at the Villa, The.	291
Shot in the Back	66
Squires Mistake, The.	249
Straggler of '15, A.	389
Stranger than Fiction. 459, 489	
Wedding Ring, The. . . 5, 27, 51, 86, 99, 129, 148, 171, 195, 225, 245, 269, 302, 325.	
Widow Wilkins, The	366
Forster, Portrait by J. W. L.	45
Free Home.	539
G	
Ghost Story, A True.	139
Gift, A Beautiful.	546
Golf in Kingston.	539
Gotham Graphics.	456
Gymnastics, Growth of, in Montreal	467
H	
Halifax Market.	232
Hazen, J. Douglas, M.P.	531

Hero of Thobal.	619
Historic Canada:—	
Chambly, Old Fort at.	403
Cuthbert Chapel, Berthier-en-Haut.	184
Loyalists, A Tale of the U. E.	84
New Year's Day in Quebec, 1798.	18
Slavery in New Brunswick.	299
St. John, N. B., Old Martello Tower.	68
Until Death.	162
Wolfe's Monument, Quebec.	258
Hodgson, Hon. E. J.	536
Humorous.	59, 89, 144, 219

I	
Identity of "T. P. B."	237
Imperialism, A Note on the New.	411
Incidents in the Early Military History of Canada.	426, 441, 465, 494, 513, 543
Indian Philosopher, Our.	23, 42, 59, 89, 118, 127, 150, 174, 209, 219, 263, 281, 307, 330, 360, 377, 405, 425, 447, 504, 552, 575.
Indian Mutiny, Reminiscence of.	571
Infantry School Corps:—	
"C" Company, Toronto.	126
"D" Company, London.	210
In Study and Camp.	524
Iroquois Compatriots, Our.	484
Isle-aux-Noix, A Twilight Sketch.	48

J	
Jamaica, Climate of.	324
Johnny's Joke.	500

K	
King Kalakaua.	48
King's Kindness, A.	558
Kipling on San Francisco.	581
Kipling and His Poems.	176

L	
Lacoste, Hon. A.	558
Ladies Infantry Drill Company, Picton.	551
Lair, The.	91
Lansdowne and "Canada First."	490
Largest Tree in the World.	58
L'Esperance, The late John Talon.	267, 295, 371
Lewis, The late Mr. John.	619
Literary and Personal Notes.	7, 26, 50, 101, 163, 167, 187, 223, 259, 360, 490, 521, 581, 592.
London Letter.	95, 164, 204, 224, 255, 297, 331, 365, 394, 418, 446, 480, 508, 567, 621.
Lumber Regions, Trip to the.	322, 342, 363, 401

M	
Macdonald, The late Sir John Alexander.	554
Mackay, Capt. Huntly.	578, 595
Manuscripts.	10
Melbourne.	518
Memory and Bells.	622
Mental Abberation and Brain Structure.	335
Mercier, Hon. Honore, Portrait of.	214
Moltke, Count Von.	10
Montreal, Goad's Map of.	126
Montreal Hunt, The.	114
Mrs. Moulton's Writing Room.	611
Mrs. Smith's Adventures in Montreal.	80
My Lady's Hairdresser.	179

N	
Na poleon's Treatment of His Creatures.	264
National Monuments, Our.	207
National Upheavals and Literature.	282
Nelson, Death of.	88
Nelson's Monument, Montreal, Subscription List.	615
New Brunswick Sketch, A.	91
New York Letter.	18, 44, 88, 116, 151, 184, 233, 278, 309, 335, 352, 374, 443, 475, 569.
Nova Scotia Letter.	24, 58, 168, 237, 258, 341, 369, 419, 464, 518, 555, 603.

O	
Ontario School of Practical Science.	548
Ontario Society of Artists.	536
Out West.	391, 611
O'Shea Divorce Case and Home Rule.	308

P	
Parliament of Canada, Opening of.	436
Phonograph Foreseen.	617
Pilgrimage, A Reverent.	102, 181, 221, 274, 333, 348, 382, 448, 485, 549
Poetry:—	

Angel of Healing, The.	515
As Cynosure Undimmed.	539
Awakening, The.	371
Bed Time Fancies.	312
Birth of the Snowshoe, The.	208
Canadian Fishing Idyl.	455
Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours.	255
Constance.	126
Crows.	592
Daffodil, The.	608

England.	11
Feet.	143
Flag of England, The.	487
Flower Fancy, A.	610
Frigate Endymion, The.	624
Fur King, The.	151
Hamlin's Mill.	480
Hemlock Hills of Acadie, The.	388
Herald, The.	248
Her Letters.	251
Idyl of a Montreal Horse Car.	511
In Memoriam (E. E. F.).	224
Insomnia.	77
Ireland's Superiority.	374
Joe Brse, the Engineer.	224
Laclede.	288
Long Sault, The.	515
Looked for Man, The.	447
Maiden's Sacrifice, The.	572
March.	248
Ma-hed Medico, The.	239
Midwinter Storm in the Lake Region.	16
My Stranger Friend.	488
Nehilakin.	374, 419, 551
Nellie.	343
On the Tigris.	516
Our Land and Flag.	211
Owl and the Pussy Cat, The.	234
Quatrain.	610
Resolution.	447
Sir John Macdonald.	581, 592
Sonnet on Life.	569
Snowbirds.	77
Spring.	425
They Turned Her Out in the Street.	96
Thought, A.	205
Tidings of Spring.	334
Two Little Shoes.	10
Twilight.	288
What is the Reason.	354
When Summer Comes.	205
Winter Lament, A.	248
Young Poet to his Master, A.	183
Points.	58, 85, 113, 131, 160, 192, 216, 240, 248, 286, 328, 347, 371, 424, 464, 483, 545, 569.
Poquiock, The.	551
Premier, Our Late.	554
Presumption, The Height of.	423
Punch in Canada.	279

R	
Railway Civility, An Instance of.	127
Red and Blue Pencil.	11, 47, 340, 374, 419, 444, 539, 622.
Ritchie, J. A., Play of, at Madison Square.	299
Royal Naval Exhibition.	531
Royal Nova Scotia Vacht Squadron.	527
Royalty, Home Life Among.	258
Royalty at work.	282
Rush and Worry of Modern Life.	394

S	
Scott, Duncan Campbell, Compliment to.	48
Senseless Phrases.	137
Sir Daniel Wilson's New Book.	600
Sir Edwin Arnold's New Poem.	371
Sixth Fusiliers.	623
Society Notes.	120, 264
Soldier of 1854 and 1891, The.	454
Sports and Pastimes.	22, 46, 54, 92, 142, 152, 191, 215, 239, 259, 287, 306, 329, 354, 384, 406, 431, 455, 503, 526, 546, 571, 584, 617.
St. George's Snowshoe Club.	141
St. John, N. B. as a Winter Port.	355
St. Martins, N. B., Anvil Rock.	287
Stairs, Capt.	301
Stray Notes.	281, 307, 360, 504, 521, 55
Swallow, The First.	495

T	
Tales of Street Car Life.	144, 150
Tam O'Shanter, Manuscript of.	360
Tea Table Talk.	254, 288, 308, 318, 358, 381, 408, 432, 440, 461, 500, 528, 547, 570, 620.
Thackeray, Carlyle's Description of.	48
Theatrophons.	254
Toronto Letter.	19, 42, 64, 113, 144, 192, 203, 236, 248, 277, 299, 336, 370, 388, 427, 468, 498, 524, 557, 610.
Tyranny of the State.	260

V	
Valuable Book, A.	567
Verses and Versions.	591
Vicar General Dawson, Presentation to.	45
Virginians, The.	423

W

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To our Readers.

With this number we commence our sixth volume, and our readers will notice a substantial increase in the size of this issue—an increase from 16 to 24 pages. This, together with a marked improvement in the quality of the paper, will show that our efforts to maintain a high-class illustrated weekly, thoroughly national in every way, are meeting with practical appreciation. Much, however, has still to be gained in this direction, and we trust that our subscribers and readers will bear in mind the mutual relations between them and the publishers, both having the same object—the success of Canadian literature—and will do their utmost to extend the circulation of our journal. It should be found in the house of every intelligent family in the Dominion. The space gained by the enlargement will enable us to devote more attention to fiction and similar articles of a thoroughly popular character, while fully maintaining the literary and artistic features to which we have in the past devoted special care. To this end we have purchased the exclusive right for Canada for the publication of a series of new and brilliant serial stories, by leading English authors, to be continued throughout the year. Robert Buchanan, Hawley Smart, W. Clark Russell, Geo. Manville Fenn, who, with other prominent writers, will contribute serials to our columns, are known all over the English-speaking world as being in the front rank of novelists; and we feel sure our readers will cordially welcome the weekly contributions which will appear from such able pens.

The Grand Trunk Railway.

The *Gazette* of Monday announced the resignation of Sir Joseph Hickson as General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway. Sir Joseph has been connected with the Railway for the past 30 years, and its success under his sole management has been uniform and marked, both as to its great extension and the improvement in its condition in all respects. Sir Joseph Hickson will be succeeded by Mr. L. J. Seargent, who has filled the important position on the Grand Trunk of Traffic Manager since 1874, giving him a familiarity with the workings of the road.

Thoughts for the New Year.

A new year is upon us. To most persons the habit of a certain amount of retrospect of the one just closed, and a set of more or less faintly-outlined resolutions for the future, are indulged in, not as a mere venture, but as the natural sequence of a sharply defined division in time. With the past nothing can be done. Its deeds are irrevocably stamped on our life-histories. But the lessons that may be drawn from them by every thoughtful mind can, if rightly used, so temper and influence our future, that a habit of quiet and earnest effort towards personal and family improvement should result from the study of the old year's direct effects on each of us.

It has been the fashion of late to caricature and decry New Year's resolutions; but such is mere flippancy, and a result of the prevalent rivalry in the manufacture of so-called "comic" articles. In a national sense, the review of the year shows our steady growth in every vigorous function. It is impossible to overlook the fact that the colonial feeling is largely a thing of the past—replaced, more especially in the minds of our young men, by a strong sense of nationality—using that word in its widest and most elevated sense. Every year of late has added to this sentiment; it is now decry, and we firmly believe will abide as the slowly-formed but permanent conviction of the great majority. God grant that it may be so. With the pride we should have in acknowledging to all that we are Canadians nothing is detracted from our more honourable birthright as British subjects; and no more decided proof of the compatibility of the two can be found than in the growth side-by-side in the inner hearts of our people of the two sentiments—Canadian and British. The strongly marked feeling of pride in Canada has grown up almost entirely within the last twenty or twenty-five years, the last ten of which have especially contributed to its present status. Truly, we have much of which to be proud, and it requires but a slight mental stock-taking to make this evident to even our most lugubrious pessimist. The advantages of our natural position in the hardy north, with the finest water privileges on the continent; a magnificent diversity of prairie and woodland; a soil fertile to a great degree; forests, unequalled on the continent; a system of public works covering every part of the country and of the most substantial nature; railways, excelled by none, and fast becoming the popular link between Britain and Asia; banking institutions and a merchant marine which would be creditable to a nation of three times our population: all these should make our people a proud and patriotic race. Descended from men who sacrificed all their worldly goods for honour and principle, the spirit of true liberty is our heritage, and with a system of government combining substantial freedom with an orderly and constitutional administration, we have nothing to wish towards bettering the system by which we are ruled. We can thus not only look back with pride to the year just closed, but can look forward to 1891 with confidence, if we are true to ourselves and do not permit the words of a few unpatriotic croakers to turn us aside from the honourable road to national greatness.

In Darker Africa.

The Stanley controversy still drags along, and each work or speech on the subject throws into greater obscurity the question of responsibility for the blunders committed. With the recently published vindication of Major Bartlett by his brother, the publication of Mr. Jameson's diary in London last week, and Mr. Stanley's counter-statements, the whole matter appears to be in a hopeless muddle. No doubt there are exaggerations on both sides, but the charges of cruelty laid against the two dead subordinates and gross mismanagement against the chief have certainly tarnished the effect of the great journey. The extracts telegraphed from Mr. Jameson's diary and correspondence show Mr. Stanley's management of the expedition in anything but a favourable light, and appear to thoroughly answer the charges he made against his two dead lieutenants. It is well, however, to bear in mind while criticising the means, that the results have been of great value and added very materially to our knowledge of the great continent traversed.

Newfoundland.

The present position of matters with regard to the French Shore trouble in Newfoundland is anything but satisfactory. Lord Knutsford's recent despatch gives practically no consolation whatever to the justly-incensed Islanders; for, while he informs them that negotiations with France have been opened, he lets them know plainly that the matter will be settled—if settled at all—by the Imperial Government without any dictation or instruction from the colonists. While the whole question in its general bearing can, it is true, be only settled

through the regular diplomatic channels—the French having legal rights which cannot be ignored—there can be only one result, be it quick or slow in coming: the foreign rights on the Island must be entirely wiped out, and the colonists have exclusive control in every nook and corner of the land. If this finale comes soon and be the result of the energy and diplomatic skill of Her Majesty's Government, the people of Newfoundland will welcome it as a proof that the Mother Country is still determined to protect and foster her smaller colonies and to see that every injustice and impediment to their progress is removed; the feeling of attachment to Britain, now, we fear, at a very low ebb, will fast revive and swell into a flood of loyalty. Should the Imperial authorities require to be goaded into arranging the wished-for removal of French rights, and its consummation be delayed, the present dormant state of their loyalty cannot be expected to flash out bright and clear when each concession is wrung out in the slowest and most laborious manner. A revival of the spirit which actuated the immortal Chatham and his equally great son is wanted in Downing-street. Manifest injustice to the smallest colony under the Union Jack would be quickly remedied, no matter whether its application meant vast sums from the wealth of the Empire or even more decisive and practical measures. It is highly probable that had Newfoundland's manifest destiny in becoming one of the British North American confederation been carried out ten years ago the whole trouble would have been quickly and quickly settled. The eldest and biggest son in a family would generally have something decided and vigorous to say if an ulcer had to be removed from one of his limbs; the same happening to a smaller brother, the big boy might be told by the stern parent that he had no right to interfere. With Canada's extent, population and influence, and with her very able representation in London, the interests of any of her members would be morally certain to receive a degree of swift and practical attention, never accorded (unfortunately) to the smaller crown colonies. It is not likely that the addition of Newfoundland to the confederation would be a source of gain—on the contrary, it is extremely possible that financially we would be heavy losers—but it would be the realization of what our highest statesmen in days gone by long looked for—the welding of all the scattered British colonies north of line 45 into one compact nation.

Mr. Parnell.

In the overwhelming defeat administered to Mr. Scully on the 22nd December, Mr. Parnell has met with such a sharp check that the result must be a most decided damper to his hopes of recovering the leadership of the Home Rule party, as many voters throughout the island, undecided or indifferent as to which leader to follow, will be apt to cast their ballots for Mr. McCarthy's candidates in coming elections on the principle of wishing to be on the winning side. To the large number in Canada and elsewhere who care but little whether Home Rule be granted or not, the struggle between the two factions has but little interest apart from the aggressive picturesqueness which so vividly marked most of the incidents of the contest. Many who were not by any means in accord with Mr. Parnell's actions in Irish matters have warmly admired the persistence he has recently shown in refusing to acquiesce in his reposition from the leadership of his party, and his plucky fight all along the line. He will, however, rapidly lose sympathy if he adheres to the startlingly radical measure of Home Rule he has recently promulgated—radical to a degree which cannot but meet the emphatic disapproval of all advocates of Imperial unity. The action of one of his lieutenants in waving an American flag at a recent meeting—thus pandering to the disloyal element in the audience—cannot be too strongly condemned. What the British people (we use the word in its broadest sense) wish is to see Ireland prosperous, contented and loyal to the Crown; and to attain these conditions moderate men will look with great favour on any plan acceptable to the Irish people.

FOR FAITH and KING

a Romance of Ville-Marie

By BLANCHET T. MAC DONELL.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

The whole community had recently passed through unhealed suffering; yet, on the first appearance of the faintest gleam of sunshine, the colonists were ready to deck themselves in their bravest, to smile, to eagerly seize all the brightness of the hour. Yielding themselves up readily to the influences of the present, the supple adroitness, the capacity for present enjoyment, undisturbed by retrospection or dread of the future, of the French character, served them well. They extracted much joy out of life, because they were taught to regard the most ordinary causes as susceptible of giving out satisfaction of some kind. Everyone was bound to contribute something to the common fund of gladness. Poverty was not only an imperious obligation, but a cheerfully accepted condition of existence. Eyes and jewels flashed brilliantly, brocades rustled, feathers waved, there was a shimmer of filmy lace. In scarf and coif, ladies whose noble manners, stately bearing and sparkling conversation would have graced the Court of Versailles, whose elegant and ingenious coqueteries were the product of most finished civilization, promenaded, escorted by officers bedecked with gold and silver, powder, plumes and flowing ribbons, all the martial foppery rendered necessary by the etiquette of the day.

"Vive the Count." It is M. le Gouverneur who has saved us from the clutches of these vultures, the Iroquois. Yes, and revived the fur trade. Vive M. le Gouverneur," shouted the crowd, with wildest enthusiasm.

Twenty-four guards in the King's livery preceded the Governor. He was followed by four pages and six valets, and surrounded by a troop of young nobles gorgeous in lace and ribbons, majestic in leonine wigs. Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, and Governor-General of New France, had already attained his seventeenth year, though Time had scarcely diminished the unconquerable vitality of the bold and impetuous warrior. Representing the best type of gentleman soldiers who surrounded Louis the Magnificent, he carried himself with the air of distinction natural to one familiar with Court life. He had a fine martial figure, erect and vigorous. His keen, black eyes shone beneath a broad brow, upon which the years had scarcely traced a wrinkle. The Roman nose, thin lips and firm, prominent chin, imparted a severe and imperious expression to his physiognomy. He wore a wig lightly powdered, with long ringlets falling on either side of his face, crowned by a three-cornered hat bordered with gold. His fine, red, russet and embroidered vest were of the latest fashion. A cravat of point lace was loosely knotted about his throat; deep frills fell over his wrists; he wore shoulder and sword knots. A broad belt inlaid with gold fell from the right shoulder, encircling the waist and supporting a sword whose hilt, resting upon the left hip, glittered with jewels. The Governor had a decided taste for splendor, extravagance and profusion, delighting in brilliancy and luxury of table and equipage. All his surroundings presented as much pomp and magnificence as the slender resources of the colony would permit. This was an hour of triumph sweet to the daring and potent spirit. After his first term of office he had been recalled to France in disgrace; now, to the confusion of his enemies, he had returned to the colony with increased power and consideration.

Around the Governor stood the interpreters and a group of French and Canadian officers, nearly every one of whom had been the hero of some

marvellous exploit. The Chevalier de Callière, Governor of Ville Marie, dark, haughty, almost as imperious as Frontenac himself, a brave soldier, feared by the savages and adored by his own men, stood leaning on his sword. His rival, the fluent and voluble Gascon de Vaudreuil, was in attendance upon the beautiful Louise de Joybert, his affianced bride, and listened with some impatience to the compliments which d'Ailleboud de Mousseaux, civil and criminal Magistrate of Ville Marie, and his brother, d'Ailleboud de Maulest, who had won laurels at the taking of Schneckditz, were paying the lady. All three turned ceremoniously to salute Boisbertholet de Beaucourt and Augustin Le Gardeur de Courtemanche as they passed. Behind stood the Sieur d'Hertel, who, at the head of forty-two Canadians and savages, had taken Salmon Falls during the winter of 1699; Boucher de Boucherville, who, with forty-six Frenchmen, had held the Fort of Three Rivers against five hundred Iroquois; the Sieur de Montigny, whose body bore traces of conflict in innumerable wounds, who, in command of twelve Canadians, had taken forcible possession of Portugal Cove; M. de Pontneuf, son of the Baron de Becancour, who the preceding winter had gallantly silenced the light cannon defending Casco. The Sieurs de Beaujeu, de St. Ours, Baby de Rainville, de Lanaudiere, Deschambault, Chartier de Lobiniere, d'Estimauville, de la Brosse, Repentigny de Montesson, Captains Subercase and d'Orvillers, Sieur de Valrenne and his lieutenants, M. Dupuy and M. de St. Cirque, conversed together with something emphatically Gallic in their absorbed faces and vivacious gesticulations. Dollier de Casson, Superior of the Seminary, gigantic in stature, frank and simple in expression, hearty of voice, talked earnestly to Callière. The Superior had once been a cavalry officer and fought under Turenne. The soldier and the gentleman both existed under the cassock of the priest. Father Joseph Denys, Superior of the Recollets, basking openly in the favour of Frontenac and eyed askance by the Jesuits, stood close behind the Governor. In a group apart were Jacques Le Ber, Le Moyne de Longueuil, Le Chesney, de Niverville and Aubert de Gaspé. During the Governor's first term of office some of these men had been his most resolute antagonists, and at the present time were not by any means sure of the ground on which they were treading.

Now ensued a curious scene. Few white men have ever approached the Count in his skill in dealing with the Indians. He listened to their orators with the greatest attention, and then addressed them with an air of mingled kindness, firmness and condescension that inspired them with respect. Their ejaculations of approval came thick and fast at every pause in his harangue. With the same ceremonious grace with which he eror grasped the hatchet, brandished it dexterously in the air, and in a clear, strong voice intoned action might have seemed utterly absurd, but Frontenac was a man of the world in the widest sense of the term, as much at ease in a wigwam as in the halls of princes. Many would have lost respect by an undignified performance, but the Count's native tact enabled him to harmonize the most incongruous elements, his faculty of imitativeness, his utter absence of self-consciousness served his purpose. Instead of exciting ridicule, his achievement aroused his audience to the wildest enthusiasm.

"This poor M. le Gouverneur. Figure to

yourself how these cries and howls must prove trying to the throat," whispered Madame de Monestrol, with a sincere appreciation for the loyal fulfilment of a disagreeable duty.

The principal officers present promptly followed the example of their chief. Some emulation existed as to who should go through the ceremony with the most perfect accuracy, and some of the younger members of the party who had been familiar with forest life, displayed much agility and found no little pleasure in the proceeding. The Christian Iroquois of the two neighbouring missions rose and joined in the dance, then, as though impelled by some irresistible impulse, the Hurons and Algonquins of Lake Nipissing did the same, the whole troop stamping and screeching lustily like an army of madmen, while the Governor, with grave dignity, led the dance, whooping like the rest. With the wildest enthusiasm, the Indians snatched the proffered hatchet, and promised war to the death against the coming enemy.

Afterwards there came a solemn war feast. Two barrels of wine, with abundant tobacco, were served to the guests. Two oxen and six large dogs had been chopped to pieces for the occasion and boiled with a quantity of prunes. Kettles were brought in, their steaming contents ladled out into the wooden bowls which each provident guest had brought with him. Seated gravely in a ring on the grass, the Indians fell to their work, devouring their meal in a species of frenzy. It was a point of conscience not to flinch, and they gorged themselves like vultures, till they fairly choked with repletion.

CHAPTER VII.

"This world is all too sad for tears,
I would not weep, not I,
But smile along my life's short road,
Until I smiling die."

S. WILLIAMS.

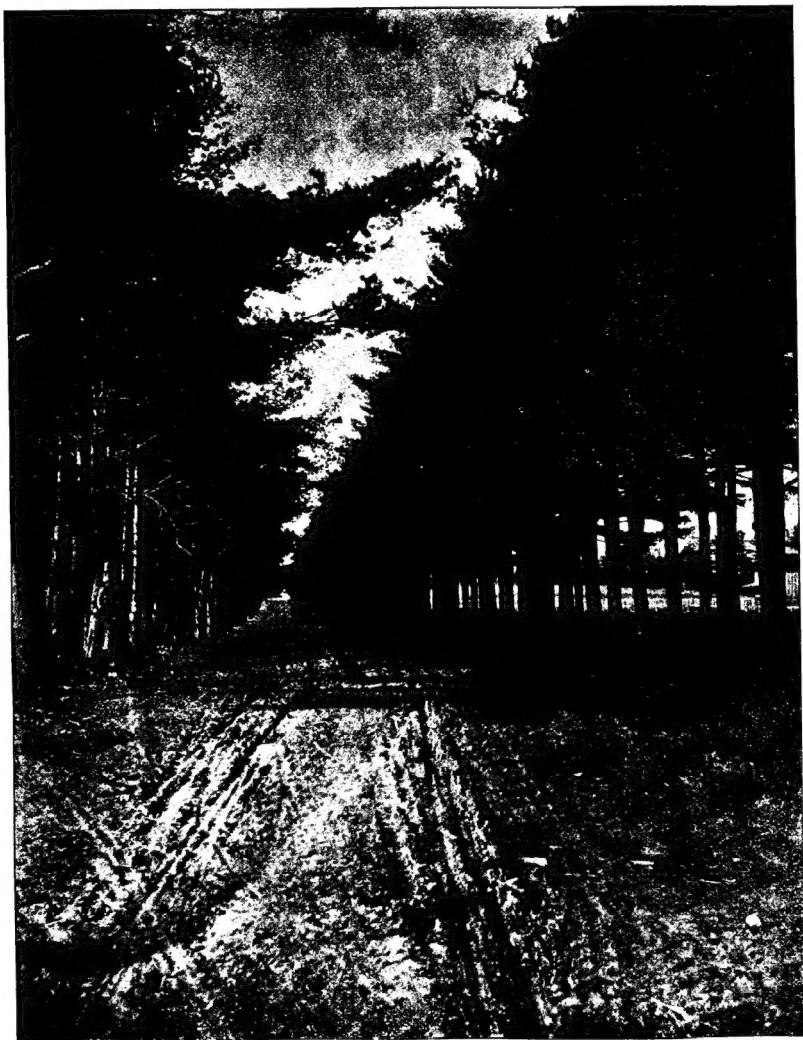
Colonial existence was full of incident and stirring action. A whole world of adventurous romance thrilled and palpitated around the settlement, yet the prosaic and practical side of affairs always asserted themselves. One wonders at the steady pertinacity of human nature which, among all these tragic events, could go on in the ordinary habitudes of the flesh, snatching out of the midst of sorrows, satisfaction which only those who have troubled and grieved together can know.

The following day witnessed the opening of the great annual fair. Trade was in full activity, the whole population shared in the universal exhilaration of spirit. Never had Canada known a more prosperous commerce than now in the midst of her dangers and tribulations. That very morning La Durantaye, late Commandant at Michillimackinac, arrived with fifty more canoes, manned by French traders and filled with valuable furs.

Merchants of high and low degree had brought up their goods from Quebec, and every inhabitant of Montreal of any substance sought a share in the profit. The booths were set along the palisades of the town, and each had an interpreter, to whom the trader usually promised a certain portion of his gains. The payment was in card money, common playing cards, each stamped with a crown and a fleur-de-lys. The French bush-rangers were the heroes of the hour. Many of them were painted and feathered like their wild companions, whose ways they imitated with perfect success. Some of them appeared brutally savage, but often their bronzed countenances expressed only daredevil courage and reckless gaiety. All the taverns were full. The *coursers de bois* conducted themselves like the crew of a man-of-war paid off after a long voyage. Their vivacious temperament rendered them boisterously hilarious on their return to familiar scenes.

"These gentry will live like lords, and set no bounds to their revelry as long as their beaver skins last. Swaggering, spending all their gains on dress and revelry, they even try to imagine themselves nobles and despise the peasants, whose daughters they will not marry, even though they are peasants themselves," said one priest to another, as he eyed the noisy, lawless tribe disapprovingly.

(To be continued.)



GLENORA PARK, NEAR TORONTO.
(Mr. Laucefeld, photo.)



The Wedding Ring~

by Robert Buchanan.

(Exclusive right for Canada purchased by THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

And what's to me a ring o' gold,
That proves the written law?
A ring of air's around my heart
That sadly breaks in twa!

—Old Ballad.

CHAPTER I.

IN PETER'S STREET, WESTMINSTER.

On a chilly spring morning a young woman sat at an uncovered deal table near the third floor window of a house in Peter's Street, Westminster, with a little pile of gilt-edged cards and a water-colour box before her. A child was lying in her lap, a wee thing of a year old, with a white face and large eyes of more than oriental gravity, and small fists curled tight upon her breast. She did not distract her mother's attention from the work on which she was occupied by any of the kickings and the cooings usual to healthy infancy, but lay as still as if she understood the necessity of quiet to the artistic labourer, and with precocious self-denial subdued the high spirits proper to her age.

The young woman was tall and finely built, and her face, which was very sad and gentle, needed only a touch of colour and a little more fullness of outline to be beautiful. There was about her an

aspect of sorrow grown patient, which was pitiful to see in the face of one so young, for she had hardly passed girlhood in years.

As she worked, her foot beat on the floor in a gentle rhythmic measure, and her voice crooned a tuneless song to the child upon her knee.

It was a large, low-ceilinged room, occupying the whole width of the house, and sparsely and shabbily furnished. A bed stood in one corner with a cradle at its foot. A chest of drawers, with half its knobs missing, a couple of old-fashioned rush-bottomed chairs, a square table of deal with red legs, a wash-stand bearing a cracked jug and basin, a battered sofa, covered in faded chintz, and a pattern had faded to a uniform dirty gray, completed its articles of necessary furniture.

A few scraps of clothing, male and female, hung from pegs behind the door.

Near the window an old field easel, with an invalid leg repaired with a bamboo walking cane, supported an almost finished landscape, and a broken *porte couleur*, with a score of half empty tubes of colour and a handful of ragged brushes, lay on the floor beside it.

On the mantel-piece above the fireless grate was a tobacco jar, a brandy bottle, a tumbler and a couple of wooden pipes, flanked at either end by a photograph.

One of these photographs no one would have any difficulty in identifying as a portrait of the young woman painting near the window, though the expression had nothing in common with that of the original at the moment we make her acquaintance. It represented a blooming, laughing lass of nineteen, clad in light summer frock, with white flowers in her hair and at the bosom of her dress. Beneath it was written, in a frank female hand, "To Philip," a date being added. The other was that of a young man with a straw hat perched on at the back of his head, a cigarette in his mouth, a flaming tie loosely knotted under the collar of a silk shirt, and a velvet jacket. A handsome face, quite alive to its own charm. Under it was written, "To Gillian," and a repetition of the date borne by the companion photograph.

The room was scrupulously neat.

The girl worked on briskly with swift fingers, and crooned to the child. It was yet early, though

the sounds of traffic in the streets below were louder than they would be for two hours to come in more fashionable thoroughfares. Presently she paused for a moment with the suspended brush in her uplifted fingers, and after a moment's listening resumed her work.

A step sounded on the stairs. The door opened and a man entered the room.

He, too, would have been easily recognisable by anyone who had seen the second photograph upon the mantel-piece. He had the look of one who is just beginning to repent of too jolly an overnight. His face was flushed, his eyes were bleared. The girl did not even look at him, and received his entrance in silence, a silence as eloquent as any reproach could have been. For when a husband comes home imperfectly sober in the early morning and his wife finds nothing to say, it shows that the circumstance must have been so often repeated that she has got past tears and entreaties, and takes it as a thing of course.

As has been suggested, Philip O'Mara was by no means a bad-looking fellow; yet he had a certain undefinable air of being handsomer than he was. The photograph, taken some five years ago, flattered his actual appearance, because no man can pass five years in selfish indulgence without grave detriment to any beauty he may originally have started with.

As with the man, so with the clothes he wore. Contrasted with the almost squalid shabbiness of the room and of his wife's dress, they looked for a moment as if they would have passed muster in any society. Then one saw that his coat was not of velvet, but of coarse velveteen, which led to a doubt as to the genuineness of the jewelled ring on his finger, and a wonder as to whether anything more valuable than a latch-key was attached to the chain which glittered across his waistcoat. Mr. O'Mara's sartorial splendours, like their wearer, were rather of the shabby swell order, and did not come off well from close examination.

"Dear Gillian!" he began, "industrious girl! 'Pon my soul you make me blush for myself!"

The blush was purely internal, for no signs of it were visible without. He took up one of the cards she had finished.

"Delightful, my dear Gillian; delightful. Your powers of imagination are really extraordinary, and your technique improves every day."

Nobody could have told for certain whether he was speaking in mockery or exaggerated compliment.

"You are doing those on commission?"

"No," replied Gillian.

"A pity. But still, work so delightful is certain of a sale."

He returned the card to the table.

"Ah, *apropos* of sale—how inexpressibly revolting it is, by the way, my dear Gillian, that even the creation of beauty, which should be the delightful satisfaction of a divine instinct, should be degraded to the sordid level of the manufacture of articles of vulgar necessity. Talking of sale, have you any money?"

"I have no money," she replied.

It was noticeable that while the husband interlarded his address to her with endearing epithets, and expressed in the longest polysyllables the most beautiful sentiments, Gillian avoided speaking one unnecessary word.

"My own finances," he said, after a search in his pockets, "amount to—yes—one and sixpence half-penny. Not a large amount; but still, judiciously expended, it may do something to mitigate the discomforts I already experience, and which threaten to become even more pronounced. There is some brandy left."

He examined the bottle on the mantel-piece.

"Would you, my dear Gillian, get me a couple of bottles of soda water and a packet of Peach-blossom cigarettes?"

She took the money from the table where he laid it, and for the first time since his entrance raised her eyes to his face.

"Mr. Bream was here last night," she said. "He tells me that Dora is really ill, and must have attention, better food and change of air. He wrote a prescription for her, but I had not the

money to get it made up."

"My dear Gillian!" said O'Mara, "you really distress yourself about the child to a quite unnecessary degree. You are always raising false alarms about her. Six months ago, she was going to die, I remember. Mr. Bream is no doubt a very estimable person, as a clergyman, but he is not omniscient. What can he possibly know about Dora's health?"

"He studied as a doctor before he took orders," answered Gillian.

"Quite a Crichton," said O'Mara, "I have no doubt. Still, I would prefer the verdict of a medical man in practice."

"I shall spend this money," said Gillian, "or at least as much of it as will be required, in getting the medicine Bream prescribed for Dora. With the rest I shall buy soda water or cigarettes, just as you please."

"I am sure," said O'Mara, "that you will do nothing of the kind, my dear Gillian. 'You, who are a model of all the virtues, know that it is a wife's first duty to obey her husband.'"

"I shall get the medicine for Dora," repeated Gillian.

"Then," said O'Mara, seizing her wrist with a sudden, sharp wrench, which made her wince and drop the money on the table, "I shall have to do my marketing myself, or find another messenger."

Quite unruffled by this little incident, O'Mara left the room. She heard his voice upon the stair calling to the girl in the basement, and a minute after he re-entered.

"A mistake in your tactics," my dear," he remarked, as he kicked off his shoes and lay down upon the bed. "It would have been wiser to have bought the medicine and said nothing of your intention—wiser, though less honest, and not more dutiful. You will know better next time."

She heard him in silence, finding no reply. With the despairing patience which years of such brutalities had taught her, she again took up her brush, and bent over her work. O'Mara turned upon the bed, seeking an easy posture, and had fallen asleep before the girl came in with her purchases.

It was past noon when he awoke, and finding the soda water on the mantel-piece beside the brandy, mixed himself a copious draught, which he drank to his great apparent refreshment. He sluiced his face and head liberally with cold water, and having replaced his coat and waistcoat, arranged the easel beside the window and seated himself before it.

"There were once, my dear Gillian," he began, lighting a cigarette, and regarding the picture through the smoke with an eye at once critical and approving, "There were once—you will see the application of the story directly—two travellers who had, through infinite difficulties and dangers, travelled across a desert, and arrived within an hour's walk of the confines of civilization. One of them at that point succumbed to his fatigue. He could go no further. They had between them one dose of brandy. 'If,' said the sick man to his companion, 'you will give me that brandy, I think I could manage the rest of the distance.' His companion, instead of giving it to him, drank it himself. 'What detestable selfishness!' you will remark, precisely as I did myself when I first read this instructive legend. But I was mistaken, for his object in drinking the brandy was to recuperate his force sufficiently to enable him to carry his friend the rest of the distance. Thus we may learn, my dear Gillian, not to judge our neighbours on insufficient evidence. You see the application of the fable? I am the robust traveller, you—or rather our darling Dora—is the feeble one. Without that brandy and soda I could not possibly have finished this picture, and unless I finished the picture there would be no dinner for us to-day."

Gillian listened in her accustomed silence, and O'Mara, having set his palate, attacked his work. He painted rapidly and dexterously, and after a couple of hours of work punctuated by the drinking of more brandy and soda and the lighting of fresh cigarettes, pushed his chair back and rose.

"That should do, I think. I must invent a title for it—something touching and poetical.

There is much virtue in a name. Our good British public have not yet risen so high in artistic appreciation as to separate art and literature. To me, its creator, that picture needs no title. To any soul in kinship with my own it would need none. The average Philistine will ask, 'What is it?' It is not enough that it is beautiful, a touch of celestial harmony in adorable contrast with the hideousness of daily life." He sighed, as if the stupidity of the world was hard to bear. "I should be glad of your opinion, Gillian."

"What do you think you will get for it, Philip?" she asked gravely.

"My darling!" he remonstrated, with a quick indrawing of the breath between his teeth, as if the question hurt him. "You should really discourage this—this extreme practicality of mind. It is growing on you."

"I must have money, Philip; you must bring me some to-day."

"My dear, you shall have money. But surely, after so many years' knowledge of my temperament, you might have more feeling for my peculiarities than to ask me, happy as I am in the contemplation of a thing of beauty fresh from my hands, what—what will I get for it? Get for it! Is it not enough to know that I must part with it, the last sweet child of my fancy, the Benjamin, so to speak, of what poor artistic faculty I possess? Still, you are right. The vulgar necessities of life are paramount. Facts must be faced."

"You will let me have some money to-night?" she pleaded. "There is rent due, Philip, and there is nothing in the house to eat. And, oh Philip! I shouldn't mind for myself, but Dora! She is really ill. See how pale she is, and all day long she has never made a movement. She lies for hours, and she used to be so bright and lively."

"Well, well!" he answered, fretfully, perhaps a little touched through his hidebound selfishness for the moment, "I will bring what I get for the picture."

CHAPTER II.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

It was manifestly impossible for a gentleman of O'Mara's high breeding and fastidious tastes to be seen trudging on foot with a picture under his arm, like any work-a-day canvas spoiler, who habitually painted, not for the divine creation of beauty, but with the sordid aim of money-making. Accordingly, he took a hansom, and drove comfortably to the shop of a picture dealer in Wardour street, with whom he had done business aforesaid.

"Hum!" said the dealer, looking at the picture with his mouth critically screwed on one side, "really, I don't know as I want it. Pictures are a fearful drop in the market. Trade's so bad, everything flat. 'Taint so good as that last one of yours, you know."

"Naturally," said O'Mara. "The first I ever offered you was no good, and I have been steadily deteriorating ever since. But you bought them!" O'Mara had the knack of suiting his conversation to his company and did not waste flowers of speech on this artistic middleman.

"Where is it?" asked the dealer.

"A little corner of my uncle's place—Sir Charles Vandeleur, in Surrey: I've been staying down there for the last month."

"Ah!" The title, carelessly dropped, had its effect upon the worthy tradesman. "What are you going to call it?"

"Really, I don't know. 'Crépuscule,' would that do?"

"Don't believe in foreign titles; people don't understand 'em. What's it mean?"

"It means Twilight."

"That'd do," said the dealer. "if it hadn't been used so much. Tell you what, call it 'In the Gloaming.' There's a tune called that, very popular on the organ."

O'Mara's eyes were raised to the ceiling in a speechless pang of æsthetic agony.

"That'd do," said the dealer, and repeated the title with the relish of a man who feels that he has satisfactorily solved a problem. "In the Gloaming.' Could you get a couple of figgers in just

here, say a boy and girl spooning? 'Uman interest, that's what the public likes in a picture.'

"My dear sir," said O'Mara, with the air of one who unbends to make his meaning plain to an inferior intelligence which must needs be conciliated, "it is the *absence* of human interest which makes the preciousness of art. The intrusion of a boy and girl 'spooning' (he seemed to speak the word under protest, and proceeded to clear his palate of its slangy offensiveness by a mouthful of polysyllables) would annihilate the aesthetic value of the composition. The interview of anything so vulgar on that majestic solitude of nature would be an outrage, my dear sir, a positive outrage."

"Don't see it," said the dealer, shortly.

O'Mara had spoken with less than his ordinary tact. Nobody likes to be told that a suggestion which he thinks clever is an outrage. Sincerity was not O'Mara's strong point, but if he had any touch of it in his nature, it was on questions in which art was concerned. He had his own conception of what pictures should be, and had painted this one in accordance with it. It was hard to receive lessons from a vulgarian who talked about "uman interest," and in his artistic heat O'Mara temporarily forgot that the vulgarian, though artistically contemptible, was financially worthy of respect.

"You work in them two figgers," said the dealer, with the air of a man who speaks his last word, "and I'll call it 'In the Gloaming,' and give you a tanner for it."

Had this been put a little more in the form of a request and a little less directly as an order, O'Mara might have yielded. As it was, he felt compelled to resent the outrage on art and on his own superior social status. He was an aristocratic amateur who condescended to sell, not a beggarly dauber who kept the pot boiling with the labour of his hands.

"I am afraid that, even when improved by the figures 'spooning'—that I think was your expression—my humble effort would hardly be worth your offer for it. I wish you good morning."

"Morning," said the man of business, rattling his money in his pockets, and permitted the nephew of Sir Charles Vandeleur to open the door for himself.

He drove to two or three other places with no better luck. He had to avoid most of the dealers he knew, being in their debt. The rebuffs dashed his courage, and he was sensible that after each his manner was less easy and engaging, and he did not drop in the name of his titled relatives in Surrey quite so naturally as he could have wished.

The lack of human interest was so strongly insisted on that at last he suggested to a dealer who seemed inclined to buy that he should work in the "spooning" couple. He also suggested, as a happy thought which had just struck him, that the picture should be christened "In the Gloaming," and dwelt on the popularity of the air of that name. The dealer assented, and promised to give him ten pounds for the picture, so altered.

O'Mara bade his cabman drive him to the Temple, where he had an acquaintance named Seyton, who dabbled in the arts, and who placed his tools at his disposal, and posed for the masculine member of the interpolated group, pressing the laundress into his service to represent his innamorata.

Seyton was a light-hearted youth, and did not greatly sympathize with O'Mara in his mournings over his degradation of art, seeming to see the humorous side of the situation more clearly. His impromptu fellow model, it may be observed, was younger and comelier than most of her kind.

The early spring evening was beginning to fall when O'Mara had completed his task. He had eaten nothing all day, and, when Seyton proposed that they should dine together, readily assented. He took the picture to the dealer, received his ten pounds, and discharged his cabman, whose fare had been accumulating all this time.

At the restaurant to which they repaired for dinner Seyton found two of his acquaintances, and an hour passed rapidly enough at table. O'Mara dined with what he felt to be a commendable modesty for a man with over nine pounds in his pocket; a little clear soup, a bit of fish, a bottle

of Beaune, a cup of coffee, and a liqueur, are not unjustifiable extravagances for a man so famished.

Dinner over, Seyton proposed an adjournment to his rooms for a quiet round at nap. If that patient figure of his wife sitting at home with their sick child upon her knee had troubled O'Mara much during the day, the genial influences of the dinner and his confreres had quite expelled the vision from his mind.

They went to the Temple together, and Seyton hospitably produced liquors and cigars, of which he and his two acquaintances liberally partook, with a proportionate access of geniality. They were all three younger in the ways of the world than they would like to have been thought, or they would have noticed that though O'Mara was as free in talk and laughter as they, he was by far the soberest member of the party, and though his glass went as often to his lips as the best of good fellowship required, it required filling much more seldom than theirs.

He won steadily for half an hour, and as they were playing a ready-money game had pretty nearly doubled his capital in that time. Then one of his companions began to get restive.

"I say, Mr. O'Mara," he asked, "isn't it a bit odd that when you deal you're the only one who ever gets an ace?"

A question of that kind would disconcert most people, but O'Mara showed no sign of understanding its obvious meaning.

"Is that so?" he asked. "I had not noticed it."

"Jimmy always gets rusty if the luck goes against him," remarked Seyton.

"Very natural," said O'Mara, with good-natured forbearance. "Nobody likes losing, I don't, I know."

As Jimmy happened to get a fairly good hand next time O'Mara dealt, he made no remark for a time. But his next was even more startling than his first.

"You low cad!" he exclaimed, "you've got the ace of hearts and the ace of clubs between your knees and the table."

He dragged the table away, and the cards fell to the ground.

O'Mara raised his hand to dash the pack in his face, but Seyton caught his arm.

"None of that," he said sternly but quietly. "I think you'd better go, O'Mara. I beg your pardon, you fellows."

O'Mara, white as death, took up his hat and stick and left the room, the others making way for him. The flush of rage which had followed Jimmy's denunciation of him had passed, and he felt sick and shaken. Seyton's tone of quiet scorn rang in his ears, the apology he had made for intruding upon his friends the society of a detected card-sharper, was bitter to remember.

He had reached the Strand before he remembered that he had left Seyton's rooms not only without the money he had won, which he certainly would not have been allowed to take, but without the bulk of his own money.

For a moment the discovery had stripped him of the icy veneer of affectation which long use had made second nature to him, and he stood still in the street, shaking his fist and sputtering curses until the passers-by paused and stared at him.

He walked on, drunk and blind with rage.

The idea crossed his mind that he might go back to the Temple and claim his money, but even his cynicism quailed at the thought of facing those who had so recently expelled him from their society as a convicted swindler. The figure of Jimmy, who was muscular and obviously had a nasty temper, finally appeared in his mind's eye to put the idea to flight.

He passed under a gas lamp and counted the coins remaining to him. They amounted in all to a few shillings.

"Was ever such damnable luck!" he groaned. "To be detected by a pack of boobies like that. I can never show my face again. I must get out of this. London is played out for me. I'll go home and work for a day or two, make a little money, and go. Gillian and the child must shift for themselves."

He steadied his shaking nerves with a glass of

brandy at a bar near Charing Cross, and doggedly started for home. It was raining, and before he arrived in Peter street he was wet to the skin.

He let himself in with his latch-key, and mounted the stairs.

The door of his room was ajar, and he heard voices within—his wife, and the deeper tones of a man. He crept softly up the final flight and listened.

(To be continued.)

Personal and Literary Notes.

Lord and Lady Carrington, the most popular pair who have ever inhabited Government House, Sydney, Australia, left for England on November 1st. Great sorrow was shown by the citizens at their departure, and every possible mark of esteem and respect was showered upon the retiring Governor and his charming wife. The streets were lined with troops, and his Excellency's carriage, as it stood waiting, was piled high with bouquets of Australia's choicest flowers; and as the vehicle passed through the streets, towards the railway station, it was literally bombarded with floral tributes. Lord Carrington is to be succeeded by the Earl of Jersey, who left London for his new residence on 5th December. A large party of friends assembled to wish him "God-speed," and cheers were given as the train moved out.

An honourable career in journalism has closed with the retirement of Mr. J. Lash Lathey from the editorship of the *Illustrated London News* at the ripe age of eighty-two. Mr. Lathey has been connected with the paper from its foundation in 1842, and was appointed editor in 1858. A Devonshire man by birth, he was destined for the Church, but preferred a literary career. Mr. Lathey for many years contributed the Christmas poems which have formed a feature of the Christmas numbers of his paper. His successor is Mr. Clement King Shorter, who has been for some time a member of his staff.

At auction recently a copy of Milton's Poems, dated 1645, containing a scarce portrait of him, realized £65 10s.

The desk in which the manuscript of "Waverley" lay neglected and almost forgotten, till Scott came upon it in looking for some tackle, has lately come into the possession of Mr. John Murray, jr. It was given by Scott to Daniel Terry, and its history since that time is quite clear.

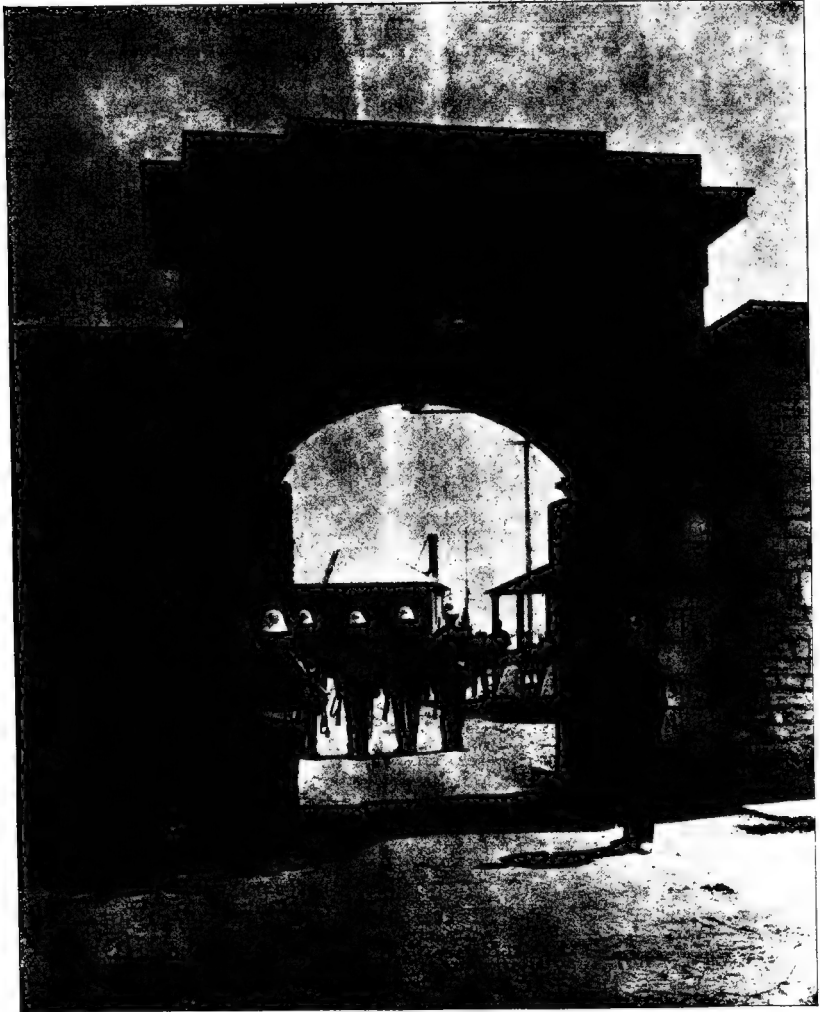
It is pleasant to know that a good proportion of the school sketches and manuscripts by Thackeray sold recently have found their way back to Charterhouse. There are already some interesting relics of Thackeray to keep them company at his old school. Besides a few of his sketches, Mrs. Thackeray Kitchie many years ago gave to Charterhouse the original manuscript of "The Newcomes," and there is also preserved at the school the bedstead on which he slept during the last few years of his life.

The Very Reverend Richard William Church, Dean of St. Paul's, who died at Dover on 9th December, was one of the most scholarly men in England. Although comparatively few works from his pen were issued in book form, they bore evidence of a thorough mastery of his subjects, were written in a charming style and were most refined in tone. His contributions to periodical literature were numerous and always in great demand. His leading works were: "Essays and Reviews," "Life of St. Anselm," "The Beginning of the Middle Ages," and volumes on "Spencer," "Bacon" and "Dante."

On Monday, 5th January, Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry will reproduce in London "Much Ado About Nothing," with an unusually strong caste.

Scribner's Magazine will begin an Australian edition with the January number, and a group of articles on that country will appear during the coming year. Josiah Royce, of Harvard, writes his "Impressions of Australia" in the January issue.

Mr. Herbert Herkomer has given an interesting account of his early struggles as an artist. Twenty-one years ago he was working for ninepence an hour on decorative work at South Kensington. With a capital of £2 he started in business as wood engraver. His first block cost him £1, and this, when finished, he took to Mr. Thomas, at the *Graphic* office, who at once accepted it, and paid him £8 for it.



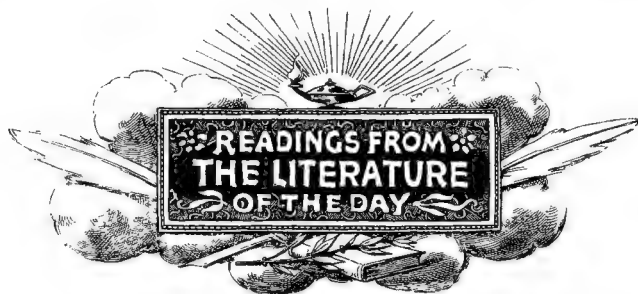
MAIN GATE, TÊTE-DE-PONT BARRACKS, KINGSTON.



THE GREAT GLACIER IN THE SELKIRKS.



CARIBOO ROAD BRIDGE.
SCENES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.



Two Little Shoes.

He gave the fulness of His wondrous love,
Laid hands upon the sick and raised the dead,
Filled up the empty place of earthly need,
E'en though He had not where to lay His weary head.

Then pity these, O Jesus of the poor,
The weakling lambs that cry within the ditch,
Or shiver in their rags beside the door
That leads up to the temple of the godly rich.

Two little shoes—their pearded lips pressed to greet
The bitter cold and slush of snow and earth,
Atiptoe in the outer darkness there,
To hear the message of the lowly Saviour's birth.

The "In Excelsis Deo's" swell and rise—
Yes, quiver even through the church yard sod;
The thrice-blessed candles on the altar gleam,
And low-swung censers lift Hosannahs up to God.

Poor little shoes! God seems so far away,
In all the pomp and splendor far from these;
They never even knew the Christ Child came,
E'en though we sent the message o'er the distant seas.

We feel the baby forms that press our knees,
And thank the Father for the Child that came;
Thy blessing in its fulness overflows—
O God, we give Thee thanks, we praise Thy holy name

But pity, God, the squalid, wretched poor,
Wrapped in the loathsome rags of want and crime;
Put bread into the hungry mouths that cry,
Until our busy hands can find a better time.

Two little shoes beside the temple gate—
For them, for all the earth, dawn comes apace;
Poor tired shoes—a speck upon that earth,
A quivering atom in God's mighty, boundless space.

But they have heard the message, caught the gleam,
Like as the sparrow finds the wayside crumb;
So little light, and yet enough to fill
The tiny soul, e'en though the poor pinched lips are dumb;

And they would go—the journey must be far,
To reach the haven of the love-kissed land—
But, ah, no cold, no pain, no hunger there,
And He would know her, find her, even take her hand!

Poor little shoes? Ah, Christ, how could we know
Thy little one in anguish lay so near;
We raised Thy Glorias unto the skies—
They filled our hearts, our thoughts—ah, God, we could not hear!

She lieth close beside the altar stair,
The spark is Thine, the tender mercies—whose?
For, ah, the tiny feet have journeyed far,
And left to earth two little ragged shoes!

—VIRGINIA FRAZER HOYLE, in *Harper's Weekly*.

Manuscripts.

The prevailing notion as a publisher is that he is a sort of spider crouching in his web to catch such authors as may fit his way and to suck their blood. It is so far correct that he does sit in his room awaiting the arrival of MSS., and that when they come he (more or less) devours their contents, though in most cases there is very little relish in the repast. Some carry the likeness further by inviting flies to walk into the parlour; but by far the greater number of MSS. received by every good publisher are unsolicited. They come from all sorts of places (from the gaol, the workhouse, the lunatic asylum, and the palace), from all sorts of people, and in all sorts of shapes. A leading firm once had a package which was taken to be a side of bacon; it was stitched up in canvas, just as one sees hams hanging in a provision shop, but turned out to be only the familiar MS. They have been known to come in hair-trunks and portmanteaus, causing no little alarm in the stirring times of dynamite. The supply of MSS. is always large—of magazine material, especially stories, in-

credibly large—but it fluctuates in a curious way. Sometimes there will be a period of comparative calm, and then a great rush; but upon what this variation depends it is very hard to say. Occasionally it may be traced to the influence of some book which possesses an element of novelty and has proved a striking success. Numbers of people think they can do something in the same line, and are tempted to try their hands at it. Instances of this may be mentioned in the "Greville Memoirs," which started a whole host of "Reminiscences" in "Robert Elsmere," which gave the philanthropic-religious novel a great impetus; in "Called Back," which brought the shilling shocker into existence; and now again in "Darkest Africa." Books like these tend to produce a stream of MSS. of a similar class; but there is something in the fluctuation of supply altogether beyond this, and not susceptible of any explanation.—*St. James Budget*.

Von Moltke.

It may be safely asserted that no uncrowned captain of the nineteenth century—possibly of all the centuries—with the single exception of England's "Iron Duke," has received such honours as were rendered to Field Marshal von Moltke in Berlin on his ninetieth birthday. Never before were such honours paid to a German subject. By request of the Emperor he was accompanied from Kreisaun to the capital by Count Waldersee on Thursday, October 23, 1890, being heartily cheered by thousands upon thousands as they drove from the railway station to his Berlin residence. Throughout Friday and Saturday the old soldier was overwhelmed with written and telegraphic congratulations from crowned heads and grand dukes, and by German societies of the old and new world. Saturday was made a military and general holiday throughout the empire, and in the evening there was an imposing torch-light procession in which many thousands took part. On the 25th the city was *en fête*. In the morning, in the presence of the Emperor, the marshals and generals of the army, the German guards and cuirassiers, some 20,000 strong, with their historic colours, paraded before the veteran, who stood bareheaded on his balcony. The colours were then carried into his house. Then all the notabilities, including Bismarck's successor, Chancellor von Caprivi, and an Austrian delegation carrying an autograph letter from the Emperor Francis Joseph, assembled in the great hall, where they were greeted by Emperor William. Count von Moltke, accompanied by Count Waldersee and the general staff, then entered, and there was a hearty and universal offering of congratulations to the celebrated captain. In the afternoon deputations were received from the principal places of Germany, presenting to the Count the freedom of their respective cities. The Emperor and the city of Cologne sent field marshal's batons of gold and silver, while Mecklenburg presented a sum of money with which to purchase the house at Parchim in which the hero was born, at the same time placing 100,000 marks at his disposal to endow it as an hospital. In the evening a banquet was given in his honour at the Potsdam Palace. The King of Saxony was seated at Von Moltke's right, and on his left sat the Empress Augusta Victoria. The young Emperor was seated directly opposite, and, touching the Marshal's glass with his own, called upon the august assemblage to drink to his health and happiness. And so closed the unique celebration of the Count's ninetieth birthday—the birthday of an illustrious soldier without ambition or vanity, and free from that envy which usually follows greatness like a shadow.

—JAMES GRANT WILSON in the *Comet*.



MAIN GATE, TÊTE-DE-PONT BARRACKS, KINGSTON, ONT.—The buildings shown in our engraving, although of comparatively recent erection, have an historic interest for Canadians from the fact of their occupying the site of one of the earliest built of the western forts of *La Nouvelle France*. When the energetic and capable Frontenac decided to establish a fort and trading house on Lake Ontario, his expedition, on entering that sheet of water on the 12th of July, 1673, was met by several Iroquois chiefs, who informed the Count that the dignitaries of their nation were awaiting his arrival close by, at the mouth of the Katarakoui (Cataraqui) river. To this spot the French flotilla directed their course, and disembarked their freight of stores and fighting men at the very place now occupied by the Tête-de-Pont Barracks. The keen eye of the Governor at once took in the admirable situation of the place for his purposes, and on the following day his chief engineer, Sieur Raudin was at work tracing out the lines of a defensive post, and the whole party immediately engaged in its erection; with such vigour was this conducted that in four days the fort was completed. A small garrison was left in occupation under the command of La Salle, to whom the buildings and lands adjacent were granted by the King two years later. Many additions and improvements were made to the original buildings during the next eighty years; and Fort Frontenac occupied a prominent part in the history of that period, serving not only as a depot for stores and troops in connection with the military operations west of Montreal, but being also instrumental in obtaining a large portion of the western fur trade, which had previously gone to Albany and New England, thus adding materially to the wealth of the colony. In 1758 it was captured by a strong party of British troops under Bradstreet, who destroyed most of the buildings, the tower in the interior alone being left; this existed until 1827, when it was removed. On the conclusion of the Revolutionary war a large party of Loyalists settled in Kingston and the vicinity, and store barracks were built for the accommodation of the necessary garrison, which usually consisted of from 60 to 100 men. During the war of 1812-15 Kingston played a most important part as a basis for military and naval operations, and soon after its conclusion vigorous steps were taken by the Imperial Government to render the defences of the town in some way adequate to its strategic value. The building of fortifications was carried on for many years, extending well into the "forties," including Fort Henry, Fort Frederick, Tête-de-Pont Barracks and many other defensive works.

"A" BATTERY, R.S.A., ON PARADE.—Our engraving shows a parade of this admirable corps—the first-born of our permanent forces—in the barrack-yard, Tête-de-Pont, Kingston. On the withdrawal of Her Majesty's troops (by the colony-despising government of that day) from all Canada (except Halifax) in 1871, "A" and "B" Batteries of Canadian artillery were organized, and were stationed respectively in Kingston and Quebec. They have formed the nucleus of our regular military system, and their value to our militia cannot be over-estimated. While in steady use as schools of instruction for all artillery officers, they have been drawn on for many duties of a miscellaneous nature, while all the details necessary for the maintenance and defence of important military posts, such as Quebec and Kingston, have had to be furnished by them. In physique far ahead of the same branch in the Imperial service, they are well drilled and ably officered, while in discipline and steadiness they are fully the equal of their brothers-in-arms across the Atlantic. It is unnecessary to here enlarge upon the admirable manner in which they performed their duty during the North-West rebellion of 1885; such is well known to even the most casual student of that campaign. Their losses in killed and wounded were unusually heavy in proportion to the number engaged. Lieut.-Col. Cotton commands "A" Battery, while "B" Battery is under the control of Lieut.-Col. Montizambert. In subsequent issues we hope to be able to present to our readers detailed sketches of the history and life of these corps, fully illustrated with views of their surroundings.

CALGARY LACROSSE CLUB.—Our national game is making headway in all directions, thanks largely to the hold it has on the affections of all old players, who carry their zeal for its success into every part of the English-speaking world. In the North-West it is as popular as in the East, and we to-day give the portraits of the champion twelve of the North-West Territories—that of the Calgary Lacrosse Club.

SCENE IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.—No part of America presents more beautiful scenery than the St. Lawrence between Brockville and Kingston—its bosom studded with a vast number of picturesque islets. The attractiveness of the locality is well known, and every summer sees a large increase in the number of holiday seekers scattered all along the river drinking in new life from the balmy yet invigorating air, and preparing, for use in the coming winter, wonderful tales of their exploits with rod and reel.

MR. J. J. CURRAN, Q.C.—We have pleasure in presenting to our readers a portrait of the popular and affable member of the House of Commons for Montreal Centre, who, a few days ago, received such a tangible proof of the appreciation in which he is held by the merchants of Montreal. Mr. Curran is thoroughly popular with all classes of the community, and his many friends in all parts of Canada will be delighted to hear of the splendid Christmas box (a cheque for \$7,000) tendered to him. We heartily join in congratulating Mr. Curran on the receipt of such a pleasurable token of the good-will borne him by the leading men of Montreal.

GLENORA PARK, TORONTO.—This shows one of the many charming bits of scenery to be found in the vicinity of Ontario's Queen city. In the minds of many visitors who, perhaps, never go farther north than College-street the impression remains that Toronto, while abounding in stately places of business and beautiful residences, is lacking in that picturesque diversity of hill and dale, seen to such advantage in other Canadian cities, while, as a matter of fact, a great deal of really beautiful scenery can be found in every direction back from the city.

BRITISH COLUMBIA VIEWS.—These will give our readers an excellent idea of some of the grand scenery in our Pacific province.

DOMINION COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION.—See Page 14. In our next issue further illustrations of this subject will appear; unfavourable weather this week rendered it impossible to prepare the engravings.



CHERRYFIELD, Dec. 5, 1890.

DEAR EDITOR—There is always matter—it may be for your basket; though, strange to say, I (we say *we* when we are editor) have not often been honoured with a repose in that valhalla. Still, I *suppose* that, tender-hearted as you are, you have one—yes, you *have* one! Let Dullness and Continuity of Folly beware, as well as mongrel letters in prose and poetry. “Pennamagan” came out with unmarred countenance from the printer's ordeal; or, at least, with only an inconsiderable pock-mark here and there, to show the peril she had been in. There is many a defaced poetical beauty. But what signifies *z* where you would have *g*; or why an outcry about a letter upside down? You only save *g* the trouble; and as for *z*, you might stand him on his head all night without fear of vertigo, for he is perfectly bloodless. But one could put up with anything in the way of ambition or of duty. And how good it looks to see one's darling little verses in print!—the ones, I mean, you wrote with a swelled, palpitating heart, very tearfully, and that the publisher's committee went to sleep over. Maybe that committee hungered for the state of the market, or a slice of the multiplication-table. But, as for this pleasure, frequency of repetition does not seem to dull its edge at all. But shall the victim of this mania be ashamed? Nay, verily; the very heart that leaped to see the rainbow in the sky was not averse to a similar titillation, and would call for the book next to his master Milton when his choice friends were around. Now, I must say, I never recite my verses to the weariness of my friends. Ah, Mr. Editor, that was too bad! What did you say? They must be very weary if you did; and, beside, maybe you have no elocution, and have been told of that fact by

some one who, like yourself, wears his heart on his sleeve. I will speak of something else.

It is next to winter here,—or so you would have thought had you seen me propped up in the buggy (an elevated buffalo robe) on my way to help in a church dedication. A reverend associate attacked a debt—a thing Felix is not game to meddle with—and wrestled with it, to the admiration of all the people, by the space of an hour, as if he would have slain the monster. Indeed, he did lop its horns and tail, and plucked out its fangs; but, while proceeding to its utter demolition, he was cut short to make way for the sermon that ought long ago to have been in progress. Night and snow were falling, and the preacher-elect had no genial season in which to develop the winged glory of thought out of the crystal of manuscript. It requires the genius of a Simpson to detain a congregation who have made up their minds to depart, and who are actually going. The sermon was brief, but necessary; though it was the debt-lifting that brought our smiles.

The question has been raised whether any poetic capital can be made of the railway. Did not Ruskin deem it essentially prosaic, and deplore the effect of certain cuttings and embankments upon some of the finest rural scenery in England? I think he was never more nearly lyrical in his prose than when lamenting the curse of factories whose refuse had polluted some of the fairest of his country's waters. But if the railway and the rushing train are not essentially poetic, the poets will sooner or later find it out; for they have been busy searching with their divining rods. Tennyson seems ready with his approval, notwithstanding the rather prosaic statement, “I waited for the train at Coventry,” wherewith he introduces one of the most pearl-like of his poems; and he seems inclined to blend the steamship and the railway with “the thoughts that shake mankind.” Mr. Editor, I really believe that Tennyson knows, if any one does in this generation! If there is any poetry in an old-time coach or a “wonderful one-hoss shay,” I am prepared to find it in a Pullman car; and I will maintain the locomotive to be susceptible of poetical treatment without abuse or resentment; while, to my ear, the distant shriek of the locomotive, rolling through some leafy wilderness, seems not unmusical.

I do but wish I might get on the noon train and ride out of this secluded valley. But how can I? The noon train does not come along,—but it is poetic in its absence.

Saxe in his airy, tripping numbers, happily suggests a palace-car in motion, on some summer day, through a diversified country, and minus smoke and cinder:

“Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Burring o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant
Riding on the Rail!”

Why, it makes one want to get up and go! He develops humour and comicality, if not poetry, out of his fellow-passengers. And that, too, was a pleasant incident of Lowell's on a railroad car, when a traveller discoursed on the “Ayrshire Ploughman,” and the rough but warm-hearted men “pressed round to hear the praise of one whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff, as homespun as their own.”

There is mourning in the land, and “onward, dark-folded, still fly the funeral cars!” Walt. Whitman tells us where they go:

“Over the breast of the spring, the land amid cities,
Amid lanes, and through the old woods * * *
Amid the grass of the fields each side of the lanes—passing the endless grass;
Passing the yellow-speared wheat, * * *
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest.”

And again, he sings, in his large style, in which the bounds are ever removing, of the

“Shapes of the two-threaded tracks of railroads;
Shapes of the sleepers, of bridges, vast frameworks, girders, arches;”

thus cutting what Lamér calls “huge raw collops slashed from the rump of poetry, and never mind the gristle.” Our Acadian poet, Eaton, after describing, in one of his best ballads, the pastime of that beautiful land so celebrated by an earlier minstrel, tells us how

“Across the meadows, while the armers reap and sow,
The engine shrieks its discord to the hills of Gaspereau.”

It does! Often have I listened to it, and deemed it a clarion to wake the sleeping vales to life and enterprise. We thought we had a passage to parallel this, but cannot lay hand on it. But we will give you some home-brew, which may not turn out half so good as witches' broth:

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

Through Earth's blindness not an eye
Scanneth star or fire-fly,
Nor the jewelled summer moon
Brightening all the brow of June;
Two stand darkly, once again,
At this station of the glen,
'Mid the mingling mist and rain,
Waiting for the midnight train.
All is silence!—not a whisper
In the wood of light leaf lisper;
Silence—broke by muffled feet
That this sloppy platform beat.
Hark! the rising murmurs say,
'Mid the spaces far away,—
Ye who seek, or leave, your homes,
Lo! the fiery motor comes!
Now, from out the silence steals
Rolling of the mighty wheels!
Soon the echoey shrieks distress
All the quiet wilderness,
Falling off, in woeful plight,
Down the shadowy aisles of night!
Yonder, through the dusky air,
Sudden burst a hastening glare,
As if Polypheme's red eye
Shone at once from out the sky;
And with crackling tramp, vibrating
Down each rail, and hot pulsating
Of the monster's iron breast,
Comes the gride of brakes down-pressed,
And a momentary rest;
Motionless, amid the rain,
Stands, at length, the midnight train.
Hurried word, and swift good-bye;
Who is here? I—only I—
Linger, as with jerk and strain
Starts yon tireless steed again!
What strange solitude is this!
What an aching loneliness!
Yonder, through the mist and rain,
Rolls away the midnight train,
Bearing, till the peep of dawn,
My beloved companion on;
But my heart along the night
Follows ever in the flight.
Fainter on the wet air steals
Still the rolling of the wheels.
Now I hear them; now they're gone,
Through the slow night moving on;
Fainter now the warning cry,
Where that mighty steed draws nigh
Some late group,—then rushes by!
Still, that bright eye cannot sleep
Flashed where sounding waters sweep!
Still must rumbling wheels resound
'Mid the dark hills dreaming round!
Still that shrill-voiced bugle blows,
Rousing night from her repose!—
Still it gives the world a greeting,
Tells of parting and of meeting,
Bids the lover to be sped,
Bids the living seek the dead;
Still it rouses chilling fears,
Wakens rapture, touches tears,
Bliss bespeaks, or tells of pain—
Trumpet of the midnight train!

(To be Continued.)

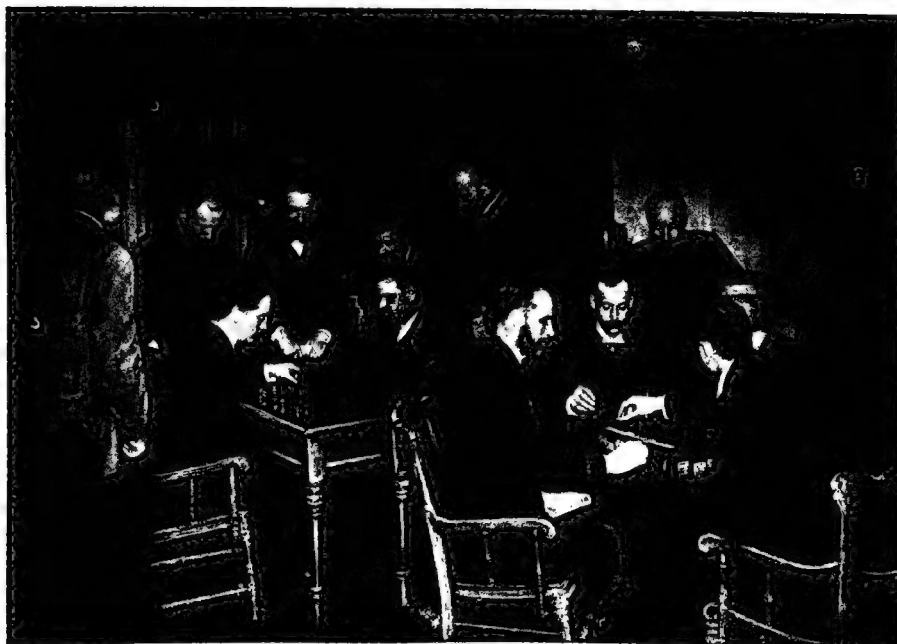
England!

O holy land! beneath whose graves our soil-freed Fathers rest,
O happy land upon whose strand their steadfast lives were blest,
Our native Nation! Source of all that vital name doth know,
Where Liberty hath fram'd the laws, and Freedom bids them grow,
Where from the lowest to the chiefs, one birthright laid on all
Bids Duty done, of every Son approve the Sonship's call—
Lost all beside! how rich are they that own Thy living name
And bear with them to other shores the charter of Thy fame,
Where'er they be, Thou also there, since Thou in them hast part;
Thy Cross, the Union of the World, emblazon'd on their heart—
Whilst Thou, encircled by Thy waves dost girdle the broad sea
Each land is ever England, where English voices be.

—From “England: a Valediction,” by Miss FRERE.



GENERAL VIEW OF READING ROOM.



CHESS ROOM.

ROOMS OF THE DOMINION COMMERCIAL CLUB.

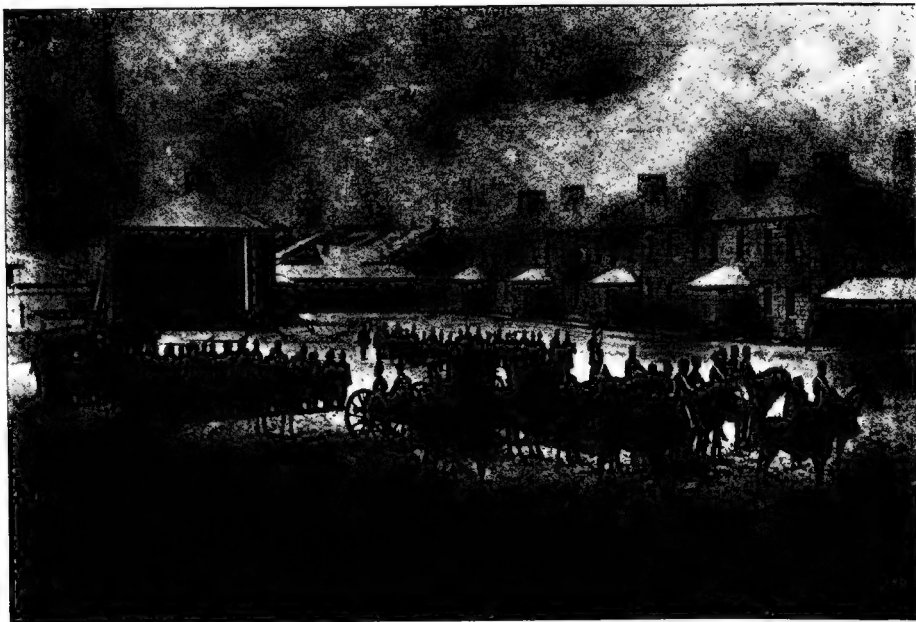


GENERAL VIEW OF READING ROOM.



SECRETARY'S OFFICE

JEWELLERS' ASSOCIATION, MONTREAL.



"A" BATTERY, R. S. A., ON PARADE IN TÊTE-DE-PONT BARRACK-YARD, KINGSTON.

The Dominion Commercial Travellers' Association.

Fifteen years ago a meeting of Montreal commercial travellers was held, and what was styled the Dominion Commercial Travellers' Association was organized. This movement was the outcome of a general desire on the part of the fraternity for a closer union of aims and interests. There was no difficulty in securing members. There were enrolled during the first year 251 members. The next year this number was more than doubled, and the membership increased from year to year until in 1883 there were 1,500 names enrolled, and a change in the method of conducting affairs became necessary. Up to this date there was no permanent office, and the secretary was not called upon to devote all his time to the business of the association. In 1883 an office devoted solely to the affairs of the association, and reading-rooms for the members, were established, and Mr. R. C. Simpson, who had most acceptably filled the office of secretary up to this date, being unable, because of his regular business, to increase his duties in that direction, the permanent secretaryship was given to Mr. H. W. Wadsworth, who still retains that important position. Since the permanent headquarters were established the membership has increased until last year there were no less than 2,180 names on the roll.

The first president of the organization was the late Mr. Andrew Robertson, an enthusiastic friend of the association and one who laboured earnestly for its establishment and welfare. He held the office for three years. Mr. C. A. Cantlie was president from 1879 to 1881 inclusive, and the late Mr. Alex. Gowdrey held the office during 1882. In 1883 and 1884 Mr. Geo. Sumner presided; in 1885, Mr. Geo. Boulter; in 1886, Mr. R. B. Hutchinson; in 1887, Mr. D. L. Lockery; in 1888 and 1889, Mr. Fred. Birks, and in 1890, Mr. Gustave Piche. As already mentioned, Mr. R. C. Simpson fulfilled the duties of secretary from 1875 until 1883, and Mr. H. W. Wadsworth since that date.

While the membership of the association has increased from 251 in 1875 to 2,180 in 1890 its financial position has improved in even greater proportion. In 1875 the surplus over expenses was \$535, while the funds now in hand foot up the sum of \$92,132.

The idea of incorporating a system of insurance in the laws of the association was early introduced, and has developed and grown in favour year after year. The amount of insurance has been several times increased. At present the maximum amount of mortuary benefit is \$1,200, and the sum to be received in individual cases is graded according to length of membership. Each member is also insured for \$1,000 against accident, the weekly indemnity on account of injury being \$5 per week.

The constant growth in membership and in financial strength is a source of great gratification to the members. The headquarters, situated at one of the finest points in the city, at the corner of St. James and McGill streets, overlooking Victoria Square, afford the members every facility for pleasure while in Montreal. There is a suite of rooms, including office, reading room, chess and other rooms, where members may meet and feel themselves thoroughly at home. The opportunities for strengthening the bonds of good fellowship are not neglected. The secretary, Mr. Wadsworth, is always at his post. He may be regarded as one of the pioneers, having made his first trip on the road in 1865. He is a native of Burlington, Vt., has travelled extensively, and during 1890 represented his association at the great meeting of the T. P. A., held in Denver in the month of June.

It is not necessary to speak words of praise of such an organization as this. There are other similar organizations in the Dominion, east and west. Whether considered from the standpoint of the individual member, or of his family or friends, it is clearly evident that membership in such an organization is a benefit.

The officers of the association elected at last meeting to serve during 1891, are:—

President—Mr. H. H. F. Hughes.
Vice President—Col. O. P. Patten.
Treasurer—Mr. Fred. Birks.
Secretary—Mr. H. W. Wadsworth.

Directors—

Mr. Jas. Croil,
Mr. E. Dumaresq,
Mr. Geo. Browne,
Mr. Wm. Waugh,
Mr. F. S. Côté,
Mr. John Taylor,
Mr. R. C. Simpson,
Mr. Max. Murdoch,
Mr. D. D. Black,
Mr. F. P. Benjamin.

The Board of Directors for the year just closed consisted of the following gentlemen:—

Mr. S. S. Boxer,
Mr. A. Elliott,
Mr. G. L. Cains,
Mr. Max. Murdoch,
Mr. F. S. Côté,
Mr. Wm. Waugh,
Mr. Geo. Browne,
Mr. E. Dumaresq,
Mr. Jas. Croil,
Col. O. P. Patten.

In this issue we give illustrations of the rooms occupied by the association, and also a sketch taken by our artist at the last annual dinner; this festive occasion was an unequalled success, and the dinner committee are to be congratulated on the happy results of their arrangements. Full particulars have appeared in the daily papers.



OLIVIA.

(From the painting by Seifert.)

(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



FLOSSIE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO HER MAMMA

It was such a lovely, bright winter day. The snow, which lay in huge piles in the streets in the Canadian city where Flossie had her home, was perfectly pure and dazzlingly white, for it had fallen just the day before, when there was no sunshine to be seen, and the gas had to be lighted very early in the afternoon. There would be no need for gas through the long hours of this bright day, and, better still, nothing to prevent Flossie meeting all her little schoolmates in the pretty schoolroom, and joining with them in the morning hymn and glad songs of welcome to the teachers and the children.

As Flossie listened to the tinkling sleigh-bells, brought out by the recent heavy snow-fall, and to the crisp "crunch, crunch" of the frosty snow beneath her feet, she felt that winter had really come at last, and that Christmas, with all its fun, and its nice times, and candy, and presents, would soon arrive too.

It bothered Flossie, the thought of Christmas coming so soon, for she had not begun to get ready for it. She had not found out what Mamma would like best for a Christmas box. There was not so much trouble about Papa, for Mamma would help her, and Mamma would be sure to know how to please him. But Papa wasn't a bit of good about getting Mamma a present. He would say:—

"Couldn't you get her a wing of the morning for her lunnet?" or

"A faithful follower of her advice," or
"A new little girl who wouldn't steal the sugar."

Now, Flossie thought her Mamma's bonnets were as pretty as they could be, and didn't need a new wing; and about the "follower," he had said she would like that for a present right before her, when she had come into the room suddenly, and she didn't seem to like it, for she just laughed a very little, and said he was a "naughty boy." So fanny of Mamma to call Papa a "naughty boy," as she did some times. Then, about the little girl who wouldn't steal the sugar,—it wasn't at all nice of him to say that, for Flossie sometimes took a little sugar, but that, of course, wasn't stealing; stealing was wicked, and horrid.

She did really like to go to the sideboard, though, when there was nobody around, and eat a little sugar out of the sugar bowl. She had eaten a good deal a few weeks ago, for she had taken a spoon, and hadn't thought of stopping until the bowl was nearly empty. Then she had been quite sick, and Mamma seemed to know all about it, and had made her promise not to do that again. Flossie hadn't, either, until yesterday, when she had been home all day from school, with nobody at all to play with. Then she had just taken a little. She had heard Mamma coming, so had shut the sideboard door quickly, and had run away.

"Flossie, after your promise!" said Mamma, so reproachfully.

"What, Mamma? I'm not doing anything," said Flossie, trying to look the stray crumbs off her rosy cheeks.

"You promised not to eat the sugar again."

"Yes, Mamma, I know; I'm not eating it."

And Mamma had said not another word, but turned away looking so grave and sad, and somehow she had not been quite the same to Flossie since. Would she forget before Christmas time, Flossie wondered. She hoped she would, but Mamma didn't forget very soon, when there was anything wrong, until it had all been explained and put right. Flossie didn't want to explain. It wasn't as if she had told a story. She had said that she wasn't eating the sugar, and she wasn't, just at that moment, for it had all melted away in her mouth. Yet, in her heart of hearts, Flossie knew that she had meant to deceive her Mamma, and that so she really had told a story. Her mother knew it too, she saw the falsehood in her little girl's face just as plainly as she saw the sugar grains on her round, red cheeks. Flossie was uncomfortable, thinking about it, and knowing that her mother thought about it too.

Miss Burwell, her teacher, had told all the children that on the next Friday she would tell them of a splendid present they could make to their Mammias, something that would be sure to give them very great pleasure. And Miss

Burwell was so wise she would be sure to know; and this was Friday, and Flossie would soon hear what to get, and there would be nothing to do but buy it.

She wondered how many cents she had, saved up in her little bank. A good many, she hoped, in case Papa didn't give her as much money as she asked for. He sometimes didn't, he was so curious.

"Now, children, what did I promise to tell you?" said Miss Burwell, at the appointed time, as the eager, precious little faces gathered around her whose lonely life was enriched and brightened by their confiding love.

"How to buy a present for Mamma," said Flossie.

"To tell us a secret," from a bright-eyed little elf.

"To tell us how to make Mamma happy at Christmas time," said a dear little lass, whose answer seemed to please Miss Burwell, for she patted the curly head as she answered:—

"Right, my little Lilly; how to make Mamma happy at Christmas time."

"How to buy her a present," corrected bright-eyes.

"What do we give presents for?" said the teacher.

"'Caus folks would be 'spised if we didn't."

"'Caus we want to please people."

"Right, Mary dear, because we want to please people, and make everybody happy. Everybody ought to be happy at Christmas time. Why?"

"It's the Lord's birthday," said Mary, reverently.

"And why should that make us happy, dear?"

"He came to tell us about Heaven."

"Yes, and not only that. He came to give us all a share of Heaven, and all the lovely things there are there. You wouldn't care much about a Christmas Tree if you were not going to have any of the nice things on it, would you?"

"No, no," said all the little voices.

"And we wouldn't care to hear about Heaven if we were not going to have any of its pleasures. But we are all going there if we love the Lord Jesus. How many love the Lord, and are going to Heaven to live with Him, bye and bye?"

Every little hand was up, and the teacher nodded approvingly.

"I am so glad," she said, "and we ought all to be so happy at Christmas time, when we think of how kind the Lord has been. But some people can't be very happy, because they have trouble. Some of your Mammias have very great troubles indeed."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed many sorrowful voices; and some, incredulously,—"*My Mamma is happy,*" and "*I am sure my Mamma is.*"

"Nothing makes Mamma so unhappy as to have her little girl or boy do what is naughty, or say what is untrue."

A shade came over the bright faces, for many knew of naughty ways that seemed to give Mamma much sorrow.

"How many make their Mammias unhappy sometimes?"

A few reluctant hands were raised, and quickly dropped again.

"What does Johnnie do," I wonder.

"Does slidin' wif 'e big boys, and Mosser 'fraid I diet hurt," said Johnnie, promptly.

"Yes, Mother is afraid Johnnie will get hurt, but she is more afraid that he will get into the naughty, wicked way of doing what Mother says not to do. How would she feel if Johnnie were to say he would always try to do just what she said?"

"Glad," said Johnnie, without hesitation.

"Which would she rather, have Johnnie say that, or give her some nice present, that would cost a lot of money?"

"Hav'n't dot a lot of money, doin' to dibe her a big orange," said Johnnie.

"Which would she like best, to have Johnnie promise always to obey her, or to have a nice big orange? How many think she would rather have the heart like?"

A few chubby hands were raised, whose owners were too young to understand the question.

"She'd like best to have Johnnie promise to be good," said one.

"Yes, yes, that's what she'd like!" burst forth from the whole class.

"Is Johnnie's mother different from the other mothers, or would they all like best to have their children promise to be good?" said Miss Burwell.

"Like us to be good," from one and all.

"Very well, then, I want you all to watch yourselves, and find out what your bad habits are, and make Mamma

a Christmas present of a promise to try to get over them,—not to do the naughty thing any more, you know. Now think about it, children, and when you find out what it is you do to make Mamma sorry you will tell me, if you like; and we'll have a little talk about how to stop doing it."

Flossie walked home very slowly and sorrowfully. She was disappointed in Miss Burwell's plan, and told herself it wasn't a bit of good; and yet she knew, quite well, in her heart, that Miss Burwell was right. She tried not to believe it, though. She wanted Mamma to be happy, of course, but she *would not* tell about having told the story, and promise not to do so again, even though she knew Mamma was unhappy all the time about it.

Christmas came while she was yet undecided to do right. But she met Mamma on Christmas morning with the loveliest bouquet of red and white roses in one hand, and such a dainty basket, containing the rarest, sweetest oranges, in the other.

"What's in the basket, Flos? Sugar plums?" said Papa, teasingly.

Mamma stooped to give Flossie her loving kiss, but her smile was still grave and sad. Flossie hesitated but a moment, then bouquet and basket fell unheeded to the floor, while the lovely oranges rolled about everywhere, and Flossie flung her arms around her mother, sobbing:—

"Mamma, Mamma, I will tell you all about it. I did eat the sugar, after you told me not to, and I told you a story about it, and I'm very, very sorry."

"That's my own true, dear little daughter," said Mamma, clasping her very closely in her arms. "You have made me so happy, Flossie, so much happier than I had hoped to be, even on this beautiful Christmas Day. I could not be happy at all while my little girl refused to tell me the truth. Look what dear Papa has given me," and she took from its case a beautiful gold watch, such as she had long been wishing for. "I am so pleased with my beautiful present, yet Papa will not be jealous when I say that he has not given me half the pleasure that my little Flossie has."

Flossie had forgotten all about Papa, and looked around rather bashfully at the reminder of his presence. But there was no laughter in the merry brown eyes as he said:—

"Come here, old girl, you're a soldier, and I'm proud of you. I'll never say 'sugar plums' to you again, unless I have them in my pocket. That's a bargain."

And Flossie knew that he was almost as pleased as Mamma.

Wasn't she a happy little girl! And hadn't she brought happiness into the house that Merry Christmas Day!

Mothers are much the same all over, children; and "children of a larger growth," think you those you love would rather have the orange?

ANNIE CRAWFORD.

Midwinter Storm in the Lake Region.

Rises the wild, red dawn over the icicled edges
Of black, wet, cavernous rocks, sheeted and winter-scarred,

And heaving of gray-green waves, foaming the ice-blocks and ledges.

Into this region of death, sky-bounded, solitude-battered
Turned to the cold kiss of dawn, girdling their weird dark faces,

Lift the clypean rocks, salient, motionless, bare;
Where high on each haggard front, in deep-plowed passionate traces

The storm hath graven his madness, the night hath furrowed her care.

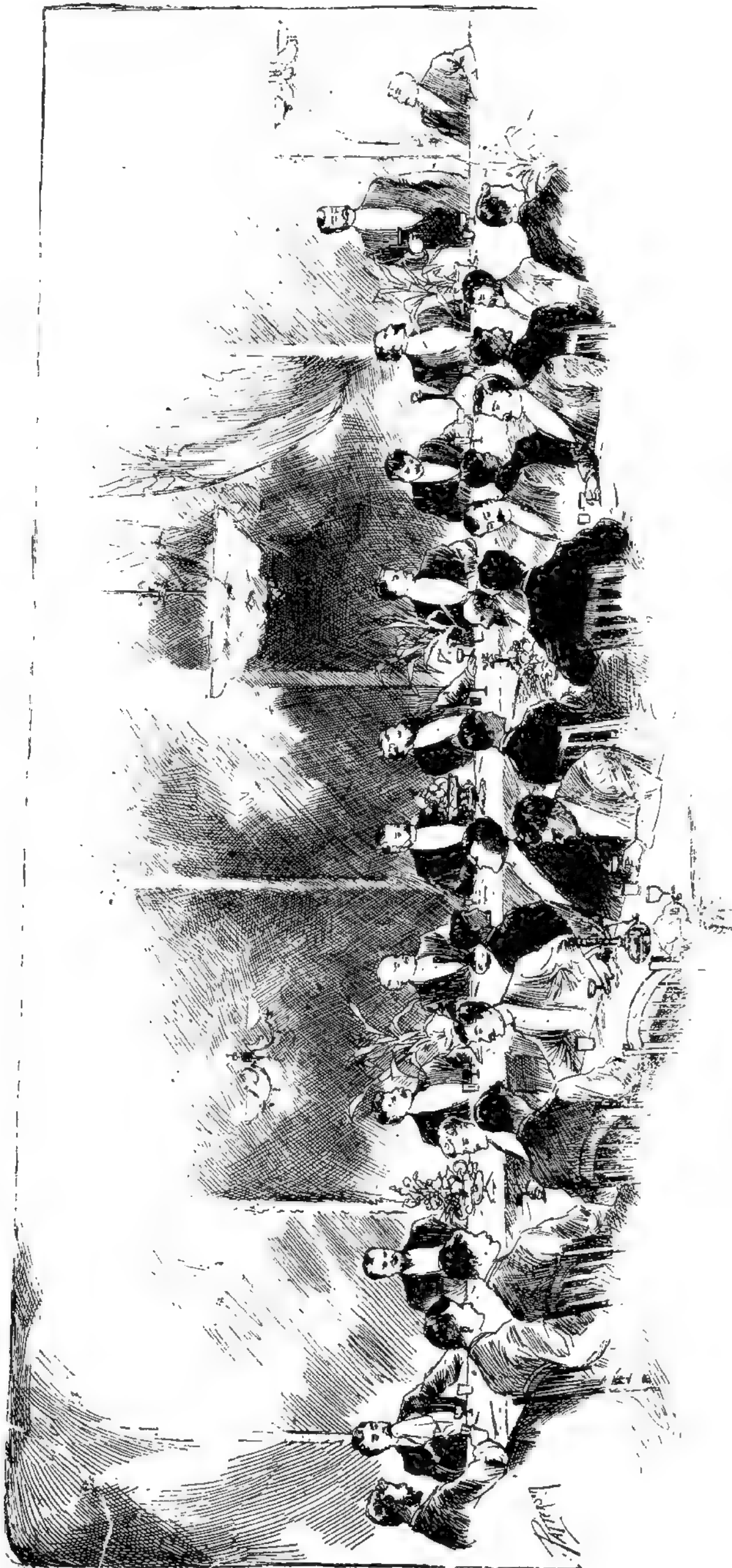
Out of the far, gray skies comes the dread north with his blowing
That chills the warm blood in the veins, and cuts to the heart like fate.

Quick as the fall of a leaf the lake-world is white with his snowing,
Quick as the flash of a blade the waters are black with his hate.

God pity the sad-fated vessels that over these waters are driven
To meet the rude shock of his strength and shudder at the blast of his breath.

God pity the tempest-drave sailors, for here naught on wave or in heaven
Is heard but the hate of the night, the merciless grinding of death.

—WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL. in *The Century*.



ANNUAL DINNER OF DOMINION COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION, 23rd DECEMBER

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN QUEBEC, 1798.

I commenced my career at Quebec on the 1st January, 1798: a great day in Lower Canada at that time—a day of extraordinary festivity, which was extended to the two or three following days. Amongst the Canadians it was the fashion for everybody to visit everybody during one of the three first days of the year, when a glass of nœyau or other liquor was, with a piece of biscuit or cake, presented to the visitor, which, after a hard day's work in calling at some twenty or thirty houses, frequently terminated in sending a number of very respectable people home in a staggering condition towards the close of the day.

After paying my official visit to my commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Gother Mann, who, at the same time, commanded the garrison of Quebec, and to whom I introduced me, the Lieutenant Colonel conducted me to the chateau, the residence of the governor, and presented me to his Excellency Captain-General Prescott. The General was a little man, not exceeding five feet four or five inches high, very slender and certainly not much under eighty years of age; he was nevertheless active, a good officer, but exceedingly peppery.

When we had secured a lodging in the house of one MacKenzie, a drunken old Scotchman in Palace street, near the gate, we commenced our New Year's Day rounds, and amongst my numerous visits was one to the renowned Mrs. Stuart, one of the lions of Quebec. This lady was of large proportions, about sixty years of age, dressed in the extreme of a fashion forty years gone by; her hair frizzed up a yard high above her head, increasing in width as it rose in height, the whole well covered with marchal and pink powder, with some decorations of lace and ribbons scattered about the top, and surmounted by a splendid plume of ostrich feathers. Her body was cased in a long and stiff pair of stays, displaying an elegantly-carved and ornamental bust, and leaving the neck and bosom almost completely uncovered; an immense pair of hoops spread out her dress to the extent of a yard at each side, so as to cover the entire length of the sofa, upon which she was seated quite erect.

Her sleeves just covered her elbows, and were profusely trimmed with rich lace; from her ears depended a mass of gold and valuable stones; round her neck were four or five necklaces of coral, of amber, of pearls, of beads of various colours and some gold chains; but there was one in particular, larger than all the others, and hanging so low as to require being supported from falling on her lap by a large clasp or hook fastened to the centre of the lap of her dress—this caused the said gold chain to hang in two festoons, upon each of which were fastened four family miniatures of the largest dimensions, and round each arm, which was left quite uncovered, there were three similar portraits, together with sundry other bracelets; her fingers were plentifully supplied with rings, and she had one on each thumb.

But the watch formed not only the most conspicuous, but also the most costly of all the ornaments, being set with diamonds and fastened to her side by a large flowered hook, from which some ten to twelve short chains were suspended, each finished with a small swivel holding a large seal or a key of the diameter of a half-crown, a scent-bottle, a gentleman's mourning-ring, or other trinkets of the like description. I cannot close this already too lengthy detail of the dress of the very celebrated Mrs. Stuart, of royal ancestry, without adverting to the pink stockings, short dress, and white satin shoes, having heels two or three inches high, neatly covered with red morocco leather, and fastened by a handsome pair of buckles containing many brilliant stones.

After pronouncing all the usual compliments in reference to the commencement of the new year, and passing some very absurd flattery on her ornaments, but which my friend Lacy conducted with exquisite talent, and having sipped a glass of nœyau, we most respectfully inquired if we might be permitted to have the honour of paying our respects to the young ladies; when, after a short pause, Mrs. Stuart observed, "Well, gentlemen, since you are so obliging as to wish to extend your visit to the children, I shall ascertain if they are prepared;" then, ringing the bell, she ordered the servant to see if the children were dressed, and if so, to desire they might be brought in. In a few minutes, the children were ushered into our presence, and proved to be three very fine young women, the youngest about twenty years of age; but we were merely permitted to bow and

pass the usual compliments of the season, after which, Mrs. Stuart, in a very commanding tone, addressed them, "There—there—children, don't make yourselves disagreeable—away with ye!" the poor girls instantly obeyed, and ran off to the nursery. One of these adult babies, some time afterwards, contrived to get married to a Captain S. in the 24th regiment, then stationed at Quebec.

At an early hour we began to prepare for the grand ball and supper at the Governor's residence, and as it was necessary that I should be presented in due form, I was directed to be at the chateau by half-past seven o'clock punctually. Accordingly at the stated time, I was ushered into the presentation chamber, adjoining the ball-room, and there, amidst some fifteen or twenty ladies and gentlemen, all under the same circumstances, I waited, standing, the important moment; for, in order to prevent the possibility of any one being caught sitting in this imitation royal apartment, every chair and seat of every description had been carefully removed.

At length the General and his lady, Mrs. Prescott, attended by the aides-de-camp, the Deputy-Adjutant-General, &c., and a number of other officers on the staff made their *entrée*. His Excellency standing rather prominently, and the retinue, forming the usual crescent, slightly retired. Each individual as governed by accident, was presented by the aide-de-camp in waiting; the gentlemen made well-studied court-bows, upon which his Excellency had always some obliging inquiry to make, which, however, did not exceed two or three questions. On being led up to the Captain General, each lady made a very low courtesy, her knees almost touching the carpet, and retained an erect posture; immediately on rising his Excellency advanced and kissed her, and although eighty winters at least had passed their chilly through his blood, it was remarked that he performed that agreeable part of his official duties with the warmth of his most youthful days. Each individual was in like manner and with equal pomp presented to Mrs. Prescott.

All the ladies and gentlemen thus newly admitted into the aristocratic sphere, moved on into the ball-room, as quickly as each presentation had been completed; after which a flourish of trumpets was sounded in the orchestra, as two doors at the opposite extremity of the room opened, announcing that the King and Queen, represented by the Governor and his lady, were about to make their *entrée*. The King, preceded by the master of ceremonies, and followed by his numerous staff, entered by the door on the right, and the Queen, attended by her daughter, Mrs. Baldwin, who had been married to one of the General's aides-de-camp, and by four or five other ladies, in some way either connected with the Governor's family, or with the principal officers of the Government, entered by the door on the left.

The trumpets having instantly ceased, the full band struck up "God save the King!" and continued playing that celebrated national anthem during the whole of the time that the King and Queen were walking round the room, addressing a few words to each person as they passed, who were all standing, and until they arrived at the upper end of the room, where the royal seats were placed under the orchestra. The music now stopped, upon which the master of ceremonies advanced to the royal personages, bowed to the ground, and was ordered to lead forth the couple destined to dance the *minuet de la cour*, a formality never omitted on these grand nights. The master of ceremonies bowed again, and accordingly proceeded, and immediately led out a Monsieur de Chauveau and Miss Koke, who advanced to the King and Queen, saluted, and proceeded with the minuet.

The former was a perfect Frenchman in manners; had a large head, with a brown face pitted with the small-pox, large eyes, and elevated arched eye-brows, and an astonishing mouth, containing an abundance of exceedingly long teeth, of various colours, his body was small and short, his legs thin, and feet and hands were of good dimensions. Miss Koke was tall and elegant, had been very handsome, and danced the minuet to perfection, and received loud and reiterated applause on being reconducted to her seat, and saluting after and before advancing to the royal representative.

From "The Adventures of Col. Landmann."

Our New York Letter.

New York streets are full of English mistletoe, imported per S.S. *Majestic*. Here is a pretty little idyll—the steepest ocean liner in the world ploughing the wintry seas with a cargo of Christmas evergreen from the old England to perpetuate old customs in the New England beyond the seas.

A. Bruce Joy, the famous English sculptor, is over here. There has been an exhibition of his works in Schaus's gallery, including three fine busts of Mr. Gladstone, showing what an useful career he might have had as a sculptor's model (he is so characteristic) and a beautiful group, called "The First Flight," introducing Miss "Exie" Kitchen, the exquisite daughter of the Dean of Winchester, called Alexandra, after her godmother, the Princess of Wales.

A Fifth Avenue florist has imported some of the queer little dwarfed and tortured Japanese fir-trees. The favourite Christmas decorations this year are bunches of palm-leaves, sold at 25c a leaf. They are strikingly effective. The brisk business in selling off last year's Christmas cards cheap has led to people manufacturing cards this year to be sold as last year's, thus saving their reputation for only producing good expensive things.

Dr. Virgin, a New York pastor, who received a call from Boston and declined it, and had a rise of \$2,000 a year from his own congregation, has got off pretty easily in the matter of jokes upon wise and foolish virgins.

Chauncey Depew is a very versatile man; last month he gave Stanley his send-off; this month he is acting auctioneer at a doll show, with Marshal P. Wilder as a rival; the month before last he was the Railway President, giving the employees of the Grand Central their send-off. In justice to himself he must now invent a patent-medicine.

Mr. Pat Divvy, a saloon keeper, has been appointed a New York police magistrate for 10 years at \$8,000 a year. He must be familiar with the records of his clients.

The next monthly meeting of the Century Club—the Athenaeum of America—will be held in their new Club house in West 43rd street.

At the Author's Club's last meeting the lions were George Kennan, the Siberiologist, and T. P. O'Connor, the author of the "Star of the Evening," in London.

I note the following new books and magazines:—

SHORT STORIES.—CURRENT LITERATURE.—Published by the Current Literature Publishing Co., N.Y., January, 1891. That excellent little eclectic magazine, *Current Literature*, has this month changed its form to the same as Scribner's magazines. It is excellently edited; it and the companion magazine, *Short Stories*, published by the same office, are two of the most readable magazines in America.

DAISY DAYS, by Agnes M. Clansen. [New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.] A lovely child's book, with exquisite pictures, some coloured, some in grisaille, specially made in Nuremberg. It has charming verses by E. Nesbit, Carlotta, Graham R. Tomson, Robert Ellice Mack and Agnes M. Clansen. Those entitled "Daisy Days," by Carlotta, are as beautiful as Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven."

CAPTAIN JANUARY, by Laura E. Richards. [Boston: Estes and Lauriat, 1890.] A very pretty little book, charmingly got up, with a parti coloured white and grey binding, like the Houghton, Mifflin & Co. poets. The weak point in it is that it would only interest precocious children. It is the story of a little girl brought up in a light-house on the Atlantic coast by the lighthouse-keeper, an old sea captain. The only books he possesses are a Bible, a Shakespeare and a Webster's dictionary; so the whole of the child's life is one dream of Shakespeare. If Oscar Wilde or Andrew Lang had handled this idea they would have made a bewitching book for grown-up children. This book is aimed at precocious children.

SPEAKING OF ELLEN. [New York: G. W. Dillingham & Co., 1890.] Here we have Socialism as crude as a red Indian's paintings and incidents so improbable that they want the master-hand of a Conway or Haggard to give them the glamour of possibility. Take Elina, a wealthy New York lady, making a friend of a little French seamstress whom her cousin has made his mistress, and falling in love with a mill hand she has only seen about once. Take the farcical election of the directors of the mill, in which all the heroes and heroines, except the blind woman, including even Ralph, the silly New York dude, become the members of the board. The bright spot in the book is the first two-thirds of Ellen's career. The triumph of love over

the bitter earnestness of the woman who leads the strike is sympathetically told, though spoilt by her falling into love with the unparalleled celerity which characterizes the book.

DREAMS OF THE SEA, by Lulu May Walker [Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1890] is one of those sumptuous Christmas books which one only sees in the United States. Each page is of the finest card and the poetry is well chosen, while some of the pictures are perfectly exquisite. They are executed in delicately toned blue, grey and white. Especially beautiful are the illustrations to Frances Ridley Havergal's "The Shivering Column of Moonlight Lies;" W. B. W. Procter's "Humble Voyagers Are We," "Peace, it is I;" Whittier's "Hard by where the Skipper's Schooner Lay;" "The Moon is Sunk and Dusky Grey" (from Southey's *Thalaba*), and Celia Thaxter's "Farewell, Farewell, from Wave to Wave is Tossed." This book is a white picturesque shape, about eighteen inches wide by eight long, and reflects credit on both the publishers and Miss Walker.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.

Hark! Through the powdered hills and over the frosted plain echoes a merry sound. In the tingle, jingle, dingle of the merry silver sleigh bells are bound up many memories and some prophecy; prophecy of the innumerable delights of yet another (Canadian) winter; memories of the Christmas firesides of days gone by.

Ah! The fading past! What an intensity of sweetness it gathers as the years accumulate between! In quiet afternoon reverie, softly and sweetly upon the listening ear falls the hymn:

"Sweet visions of childhood, ye cling to the heart,
Your spell is not broken, though youth may depart,

The past with its beauty in memory I see,
As the beam lights the wave that far distant may be."

Clear and bright the hallowed past rises through the mists of years. Again, as little children, we gather around a mother's knee; the prosperity of our little world consisting in father's countenance and mother's smile. Still above us, as in childhood, those dear, now sainted faces, bend; their fancied proximity drawing us nearer in heart to the Great Father of the living and the dead, the special manifestation of Whose unfathomable love we commemorate at this Christmas season.

But the companions of our infancy, the sharers of our childish joys and griefs—the brothers and sisters, playmates and friends of our youth,—where are they? Alas! In many cases how greatly estranged, how far removed, by our intolerance, selfishness, pride or prejudice? With softened hearts, perchance, we think of the brother with whom we have had no intercourse for years; of the sister who has, we fancy, given such grievous offence. How trifling the quarrel now seems that threw us asunder, while on the air, in chime of bell or joyous human voice we hear the message: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

With impatient hand we would sweep aside the tasteful Xmas card, the costly Xmas offering, unneeded tokens from those from whom we have had no estrangement, and reaching through the gulf of years and prejudice would embrace again the once familiar friend. Oh, to yield to the promptings of the better nature lest the last sun of the dying year once more go down upon our wrath, and we be found at last unforgiving and unforgiven!

But lo! A gleam of glory! A glare of sunlight! A thousand perpetuated flashes gild the West, and, rising in tints of purple and crimson, softly mingle with the grey. And hark! Muffled tread, but ringing voices. A dozen bulky blanket coats and coatlets, as many bouncing lads and lasses, snowshoe trappers, still bearing the rich carmine of Jack Frost's artistic hand, break in upon our dreams.

Vanish, much cherished Past, much dreamed of Future, as in the glorious, privileged Present we wish one another "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."



TORONTO, December, 1890.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ. But there will be no "Merry Christmas" for some of us, the year so near its close has been too sad a one. Beloved faces no longer smile on us who smiled with us last Christmas-tide. Some are removed only by distance, but we miss them. Some are gone to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," and how much more we miss them!



Yet, as one sweetly says, "We must think of the blessing brought to earth at that season which has raised our dear ones to heaven." Ah, yes; there is, indeed, the comfort, the joy of Christmas tide. We will look away from ourselves to the "gone before," and try to realize something of the joy they who stand before the throne and know the secrets, and consequently the true value, of the work of Redemption are celebrating on harps that know no discord, in songs that ear hath never heard the like of for absoluteness of harmony, and then a merry Christmas is ours; for do we not joy in their joy—the joy of the Redeemer!

While I am writing, I hear of the death of one who, though not of my church, had of me that respect which one cannot fail to pay to duty well-performed and high artistic gifts piously bestowed. Rev. Father Laurent, Vicar-General of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Toronto, died suddenly of heart failure, without even the previous warning of feebleness. A splendid musician himself, the choirs of the Roman Catholic churches in this city owe to him a musical training in the highest church music that any city out of Europe can boast of. Father Laurent was also highly esteemed as a citizen, and was better known to Torontonians than even the late Archbishop Lynch.

Since the addition of the medical arm to the University of Toronto, as represented by the Toronto School of Medicine, a great impulse has been given to the general interest of the profession in papers read during the past graduate course. The series of meetings just ended have been graced by the presence of a number of ladies, students or graduates in medicine. And, while no lady appears as a contributor to the proceedings, it is certain that in the course of time such omission will be rare. Women in medicine in Canada have had a hard battle to fight to gain and keep a professional footing among their well-established brethren; but when it shall be that less energy has to be expended in overcoming gratuitous opposition, the same energy will find its work in such close pursuit of science as will enable the gifted among our medical women as of our men to shine upon the professional platform as well as in the professional circle. The papers read at these gatherings were of a very high order, and many distinguished men from the United States were present, notably, perhaps, Dr. Abbé and Dr. A. K. Robinson, of New York; Dr. Vaughan, of Ann Arbor University, and Dr. William White, of Philadelphia. The paper by the last gentleman on "The Present Position of Antiseptic Surgery," excited much expectation, since it was a reply to Mr. Tait Lister's famous Berlin address. Late trains threw this paper out of place, and an able presentation on "Typhoid Fever," by Dr. Vaughan took the floor. Three of our Toronto physicians, of whom we may be proud—Drs. McPherson, Graham and Oldwright—ably handled some of the points raised.

A very delightful "open" meeting of the Students' Literary Society of the Women's Medical College was held a few evenings since. The lecture-room was crowded by the few friends of the ladies, and a paper by Dr. Emily H. Stowe on "Some Able Women," wherein the writers, poets and educationists of our own country were not forgotten among the brilliant galaxy of other lands and times, awakened a

very evident patriotic enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which another speaker present, Mr. S. H. Blake, tried to direct into purely philanthropic channels only, an endeavour which I hear fell short of its intent, some of the ladies thinking, and wisely, too, that it is well to attack causes rather than effects, and equally philanthropic, while, perhaps, more commercial.

"Cap and gown" are becoming scarce in the city, the holidays drawing our students homeward. Eight hundred "collegians," as they used to be familiarly termed in the old country, make a perceptible difference by their presence or absence in a city, particularly in the neighbourhood they most affect. The present session has seen the revival of the use of the "mortar-board" and gown, a custom that fell into desuetude for several years, much to the regret of those who feel a pride in our fledgeling professionals, and like to see them show pride in their *alma mater* by letting outsiders have some visible sign and token by which to distinguish them from the masses—the "classes" from the "masses." And the prettiest sight I know of is a specimen of co-education in the shape of a "man" or "woman"—I hate that "boy" and "girl" talk that so many affect—walking home from lectures each wearing cap and gown, the "women" look so dainty and pretty in the simple classic attire.

To the patriotic—and I trust all your readers are patriotic; how else, indeed, could they be interested in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED—it is highly satisfactory to see the growth of patriotic feeling among our young folk. The *Empire's* prize flag is won by a very creditable essay bearing the splendid patriot names, Robert Bruce Wallace, a High School youth of Simcoe. Last year the prizes offered by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society for the best essays on points of the war of 1812, were all won by boys and girls, and lately a very interesting meeting of the Wentworth Historical Society was held at Hamilton, when a resolution was carried, moved by the Rev. Canon Bull, of Drummondville (now Niagara Falls South) to the effect that in all Canadian schools and colleges the study of Canadian history ought to form part of the curriculum.

The raising of another of the *Empire* Prize Flags at Central School East in Ottawa, the result of an essay by Master Eddie—is it Edwin? Edward? Edmund?—Cairns is another excellent sign of the times. And I am glad to see that our Canadian poets are not quite unknown to some of our public school pupils, since I find that on a similar occasion at Tilbury Centre, Mr. Mair's "Ballad for Brave Women," recounting the story of Laura Secord's bravery was recited, and also C. G. D. Roberts' "Ode for the Canadian Confederacy." The winner of this flag for the County of Kent was Oscar D. Skelton, a boy of twelve, who has made a record to be proud of during his short school life of five years, and intends to write in the "teachers third" next July. Such scholars as this deserve honour, and your correspondent is glad to have an opportunity of helping to confer it.

In an issue of *The Mail*, over the *nom de plume* of "Historicus," a sharp attack was made on Charles Mair's estimate, in "Tecumseh," of General Proctor. The occasion was the publication of that part of the poem in "Patriotic Songs of the Dominion," a collection I have not yet seen. Proofs of Proctor's cowardice were called for, and Coffin proves Mair's estimate to be the correct one, if the whole story of the retreat that ended with the Battle of the Thames be taken; and Mr. Morgan's estimate in *Celebrated Canadians*, adopted by "Historicus," certainly is not borne out by facts—far less is the justice of Morgan's innuendoes against the British Government. Barclay's disaster at Amherstburg was wholly unpreventable, and certainly the British Government asked no "victim" for it. They court-martialed Barclay and gloriously acquitted him. How, then, could Proctor serve them? Such incidents as these test the value of the writers of history, and it is very sincerely to be hoped that the writer of the coming school history, for which so much call is being made—be he (or she) prize winner or not—will not be urged on in the work with undue haste, so that adequate care may be bestowed on the collection of records. A carefully written History of Canada, in a graceful and popular style, after the manner of Goldsmith or Mrs. Markham, the school-books on which our own patriotism and love of history was built, would be the greatest success of the day in Canada.

S. A. CURZON.



MR. J. J. CURRAN, Q.C., M.P. FOR MONTREAL CENTRE

Recipient of the handsome testimonial presented by the Montreal Board of Trade, December 30th, 1890.



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 CALGARY LACROSSE TEAM, Champions of the Northwest Territories, 1890.



SCENE IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.



OW much is known of hockey will probably never be appreciated by those who have simply seen it played in the championship form. Then there is a small rink and only seven to the side. But when the game is played on a big sheet of ice and there are fifteen men on each end, you see hockey in its original shape. This is just what happened on Christmas morning, when thirty good men and strong chased the "puck" over what seemed to be to them a tenebrous lot. And it was a great deal more appetizing for the active participants on the ice than for the passive ones on the M.A.A.A. stand, who smothered themselves in furs and shivered, while making a big effort to look comfortable. The players all know how to skate—more or less—and most of them fell down just at the moment they didn't want to, but it was a rattling game for all that. It was a good old-time game, where skating and endurance told, and where there was enough space to make the former particularly visible. The score—well, out of good nature, the score may be forgotten or put down as a close one.

The annual meeting of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen will be held in New York on January 17th, and already the business to be transacted is being thoroughly discussed in rowing circles, the most important perhaps being the distance and style of championship races. Hitherto the amateur championship races have been over a mile and a half course straightaway. The objections raised to this were principally the difficulty at times of finding a suitable course as well as of accommodating spectators. Then prominent oarsmen and officials began to discuss the feasibility of changing the distance to a mile, either straightaway or with turn. As far as can be learned there is a strong feeling in favour of shortening the course, and it is probable that the mile straightaway will be adopted. The most sensational part of the meeting, however, will be the trial of the charges made against the amateurism of James I. Corbett, of the Iroquois Boat Club of Chicago. It will be remembered that this oarsman was in the same trouble in 1887, but for lack of evidence the charges were dismissed, and although, outside of Chicago, it was considered more a verdict of "not proven" than "not guilty," the matter has lain quietly on the shelf up to last year, when the regatta committee rejected Corbett's entry on the strength of fresh evidence placed in their hands. The charges, as formulated by President Garfield, are to the effect that, at the National regatta held in Chicago in 1889, Corbett had conspired with several Canadian scullers and betting men to row in their interest and that his present membership in the Iroquois club was brought about by an understanding contrary to the constitution of the association. There are other charges also made in connection with races under the auspices of the Chicago Navy, the Schuyllkill Navy and the Canadian A. A. O. at Toronto. This is quite a list for the Chicago man to get over. At the Toronto meeting, three years ago, I remember the suspicious rumours that were tossed about in rowing circles, and some of the well-known sporting men of the Queen City seemed thoroughly satisfied with their day's earnings. Mr. Corbett has been notified to appear before the Executive committee to show cause why he should not be disqualified as an amateur oarsman. Mr. Jennison, secretary of his club, has taken up the cudgels in his behalf, but for all that the sculler will not have a particularly pleasant time of it.

During the past summer in this column was advocated a scheme for a district rowing association for the St. Lawrence river, modelled somewhat on the lines of the Schuyllkill Navy. Over a year ago the same scheme was put forth in the *Gazette*, and for some little time local oarsmen gave it some attention, and it got as far as being discussed at some of the club meetings, but with the usual want of enthusiasm that has characterized pretty much everything

aquatic, the matter was dropped and has not since been revived. These remarks are called forth by the recent action of the Detroit rowing clubs. They have recognized the fact that mere club affairs, while very interesting to the friends of the club itself, will never give any very general impetus to aquatic sport. Then again, the championship regattas of Canada and the United States only get round once a year, and are frequently held at such distances away that it is inconvenient, if not impossible, for many to attend them, and only those oarsmen with wealthy rowing clubs behind them can afford the outlay. To overcome these difficulties the rowing clubs in the vicinity of Detroit intend to have an annual regatta of their own, for which purpose an association will be formed. All boat clubs on either the Michigan or Canadian side of the Detroit river will be eligible. Sailing as well as rowing clubs will be included. Speaking of this matter, the *Empire*, which is always foremost in anything relating to the advancement of amateur sport of all kinds, suggests that the same course be followed by the numerous rowing clubs on Toronto bay, and says: "Toronto yacht clubs would not be expected to join a Toronto Bay Navy, but the Toronto, Argonaut, Bayside, Don, Parkdale and Sunnyside rowing clubs would doubtless all fall into line. Now, who will take the initiative?" The suggestion is again equally appropriate to the St. Lawrence clubs. The Grand Trunk club, which is making strenuous efforts to revivify rowing, might possibly take the lead in this matter, and if they pushed it with anything like their usual energy it is probable that Lachine, Pointe Claire, Valois, St. Annes, St. Lambert and Longueuil would join hands.

The suspended wheelmen are making a great struggle under the leadership of Mr. Curtis, and the outcome is not yet. But they had a very lively time at the meeting of the managers of the A. A. U. At the joint meeting of the I. A. W. and A. A. U. last spring an A. A. U. rule was adopted, under a strict interpretation of which every athlete who has accepted travelling or training expenses since the passage of the rule, becomes a professional, unless when actually travelling to or from or competing at a championship meeting. The result was the suspension of several of the crack wheelmen of the country, a large number of whom belonged to the N. Y. A. C. This is the secret of the extraordinary interest taken in the matter by Mr. W. B. Curtis, whose interest in his club seems to have partially blinded him in his personal course as well as in his paper. At a meeting of the managers Mr. Curtis made an effort to have the objectionable rule declared null and void, but the meeting decided otherwise. Then a motion was made to have it repealed, and at last it was left in the hands of a joint committee of the League and the Union, who will report on January 31st. Another resolution was put, which will be a source of sorrow to the pot-hunting athletes who like to compete for valuable prizes; but while the idea is a good one in its way, it is easy to see the animus which prompted it. It refers without doubt to the Bailey, Banks and Biddle plaque, which was won last season by the Manhattan club, with a very comfortable majority of points. This, of course, was gall and wormwood to the New York Athletic club, and hence the following resolution, which was also referred to a committee:—"Resolved, That after May 1st, 1891, no club in this union shall give and no athlete shall receive any prize for excellence in competition except medals or like emblems, appropriately inscribed, and no such medal or emblem shall be of greater intrinsic value than \$30. And that any club violating this rule shall be liable to suspension or expulsion, and any athlete so violating shall thereby cease to be an amateur."

There is no longer any doubt of the success of the All-America eleven in England, and a schedule of matches has been arranged with all the prominent county teams and Oxford and Cambridge universities. The only prominent county team with which a date has not been arranged is Kent, but even this will likely be fixed later on. The dates thus far settled on begin in Birmingham, playing against Warwickshire, on May 11th, and ending on August 24th vs. Yorkshire at Scarborough. The trip will be prolonged by several matches in Ireland.

As all of us who take any interest worth mentioning in horse racing are guided more or less by the doings of the Jockey Club that rules the roast in the right little tight island, and as everybody knows that the annual dinner of

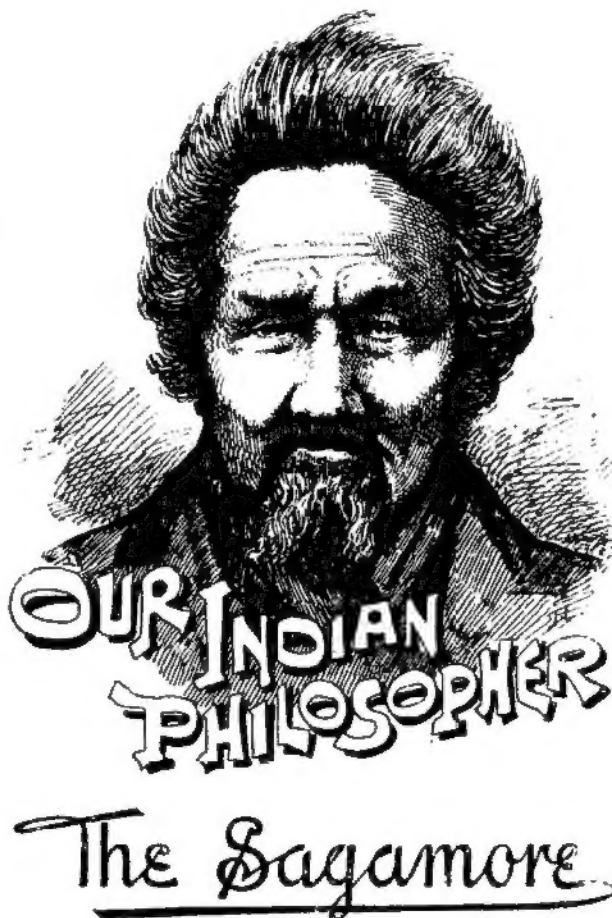
the Jockey Club is a sort of safety valve and prophetic forewarner of the powers that be, a paragraph regarding the last social gathering of this club may not be uninteresting just now, especially as a well-known writer, who is thoroughly *au fait* with British sporting matters, gives us to understand that Mr. Lowther's speech is simply a foreshadowing of the action mediated by the Jockey Club, which seems nothing less than the professional decapitation of some of the most celebrated English jockeys, when the question of issuing licenses comes to be considered. Mr. Lowther's speech was the *pièce de résistance*, when it comes to the feast-of-reason part of the dinner, and it was flavoured with curry, pepper, cloves and other pungent productions that made it hot in the mouth and hot in the ear. He wanted the professional backer, with a turn for prophecy, suppressed, especially as with the aid of jockeys and trainers these prophets frequently hit it right; and then "Jemmy" metaphorically jumped on the corns of some unimpeachable owners, by declaring that there was a well-known turf firm by the name of "Backers, Jockeys & Co.," the silent partners in which firm were owners of stables and entries, and then in his nice pleasant sarcastic vein he proceeded to sprinkle in a little more of the salt of wisdom as follows:—"The Jockey of the present day is a very different individual to his predecessor of days gone by. Jockeys nowadays are earning salaries in excess of what the most prominent professional men could look to as their year's earnings. In fact, cases have existed where a jockey received—and in the particular case I mention I allude to one of the most honourable men who ever followed that calling—a salary equal to that of a secretary of state—and jockeys even of a second rank received payments which placed them in a position, from a financial point of view, considerably ahead of the bulk of their employers. You could not expect a man who was in receipt of incomes like these to stand in the same relative position to his employer, especially if his employer were a person of no very fixed income at all—as the jockey of old did to the person who liked to be his benefactor and enable him to earn £3 or £5 for riding his horse. And, therefore, you must not be prepared to lay down the old-fashioned standard as to the mutual relations between jockeys and those for whom they rode." Now this was pleasant enough in all conscience, but the best of it was to come yet, and this was touched up with just a drop or two of vitriol or corrosive sublimate or some other equally bland material. His next turn of speech was to lacerate Ayres being a perfect Alastair of aggravated soundreism is worthy of a place in the classic records of epithet makers. Then he pointed out that "never was a time when jockeys were more completely under control of the authorities of the turf than at present, when they had annually to obtain a license to ply their calling. The authorities of the turf would be required, by the general feeling of owners of horses and the community at large, to satisfy themselves before they placed any person in a position to ply the avocation of a jockey if the applicant for that license was in any shape or form associated with bad practices. Stewards of the Jockey Club would be supported by the general feeling of the racing world if they required very decided guarantees that the holders of licenses were above reproach. As to the position which the English turf occupied, all the continental turf authorities and the authorities of the United States were associated with us in an endeavour to put down rogues throughout the world. There was one exception only that came to his mind. The people of the Argentine Republic were about the only racing nation with whom we had no reciprocity in putting down frauds. Buenos Ayres was a perfect Alastair of aggravated soundreism."

That the fish and game laws in both Quebec and Ontario need revision in the form of making the regulation more stringent few genuine sportsmen will deny, but still there are plausible arguments on both sides, and even the advocate of deer hunting with dogs finds something to say in favour of his own peculiar method of sport, and gives figures perhaps to prove his idea. The agitation in Ontario at the present time is a good one; all these agitations are bound to do good when got up by men who are sportsmen for sport's sake and not merely hide and antler hunters for auctioneers and furniture dealers. In this connection a word in favour of the amalgamation of the Toronto gun clubs may not be out of order, as the principal paragraph in their constitution looks to the enforcement of the game laws. In Quebec the Fish and Game Protection Club has

done really valuable work during the past year, for which most of the thanks are due to the energetic secretary, Mr. Shewan, who follows every trail of the lawless fisher or hunter with unrelenting zeal. But of what use is even the devoted service of such an officer as this, when such laws can be worked through the legislative bodies at Quebec, as was the case last year, and with hardly a possibility of a counteracting influence being brought into play, which might have shown our most potent, grave and reverend seigniors that every bill introduced was not necessarily a good one, simply because it was introduced by some member from the back woods, whose constituents wanted to hunt and shoot just as they felt like it, and their representative wanted to be elected again? Take the repeal of the moose law for instance: How many people who go out and shoot, outside of the hide hunter, ever heard of the proposed change? And with all the facilities for putting difficulties in the way of the unfortunate person who "wants to know, you know," it is hardly to be wondered at that this and similar legislation was passed almost before there was time to raise a protesting hand. There seems to me to be only one remedy for the evils that are responsible for the destruction of game, an evil which, if it goes on at its present rate, will soon deplete the country of all kinds of horned game as effectively as the bison has been made extinct. It may seem like going back to what is dubbed the tyrannical principle of the game laws in the old country, but it seems the only genuine remedy; and I refer to the much tabooed license question. When evils in other things need curtailing, about the first thing applied, outside of absolute prohibition, is a license. Why should not a license work in the enforcement of the game laws as well as in the enforcement of any other law where there is a necessity for modification. It is all very well to prohibit the exportation of certain kinds of game, but we all know that to a large extent the law is a dead letter, and when the customs authorities make a seizure there is a vast noise made about the matter and they are accredited with unusual vigilance in the pursuit of their duty. Of course the prohibition export law is a good one and prevents a great deal of unnecessary slaughter, but it hardly covers the whole bill; it needs to be flanked with other precautions. Some few years ago I made the same suggestion as to the licensing of guns and heard afterwards a good deal about the rights of the poor man, the principal of which seems to be a right to shoot anywhere and everything and at any time he pleases. Now as the poor man is an increaser and multiplier and usually leaves a generation or two of other poor men behind him, he ought to be educated up to the fact that perhaps his successors would like to be able to make a living with their guns or their fishing lines, and this they will never be able to do if the extant poor man shoots everything shootable. At the present rate of progress the poor man who, in a few years, would care about providing himself with food after the manner of his sport loving predecessors, will be a tax on the government, for in the words of Tom Brown there will be nothing for the perwider to perwide, and the rich man will have to do without his venison at dinner and his hallway will not be decorated with branching antlers any more than his sleigh coverings can boast of buffalo robes. It may seem like an unwilling restraint put upon the doings of the settler or habitant of the glorious and free Canadian dominion, but it is a matter of necessity for all that. A writer in the *Empire* has something much the same to say, and with most of his opinions I thoroughly agree, but I think he does not put the license high enough to be of really practical benefit. He proposes that "the Government cancel all leases of marsh lands, and grant due compensation therefor, stop all shooting from sail or steam yachts, and appoint keepers to look after the proper observance of the game laws. The Government should impose a license of \$2 on all persons carrying a gun who are domiciled in the Province, and \$3 on any subject of any other province in the Dominion, and no person to be allowed to kill more than 100 ducks in the season, and stop the sale of ducks and the exportation of ducks outside the Dominion. All moneys raised by the tax on game should be used for the payment of keepers' salaries, and the Governor-in-Council should have power to raise the tax on guns to \$3 and \$4 if required. The poor sportsman would have a chance as well as the moneyed monopolists." As an instance of what is above spoken of I may speak of the abuses current in past seasons in the woods of Maine, the home of the moose, and quote from the official report of the commissioners of fish and game, Messrs. E. M. Stillwell and H. O. Stanley,

who are evidently believers in the power of the Legislature to put a stop to these abuses. These gentlemen conclude their report as follows:—"The increase of some kinds of game within the last two years has been wonderful. Deer have spread over the whole state, appearing in many localities where they have been extinct for many years. It is now a common occurrence, almost daily, to see them in sight of many of our thriving villages. This, undoubtedly, is owing to the protection of the law they have received in a portion of the state, and of the non-dogging, which has been stopped in some parts of Maine. Yet there is a portion of the state where they have put the law at defiance, and have killed them in and out of season, and with dogs. We think moose and caribou have made no increase. Caribou, being migratory in their habits, cannot be depended on, often being plenty one year and none the next. The proximity of our moose to the border brings many foreigners and Indians over the lines to slaughter them, going back into Canada and New Brunswick. In these cases we are powerless to protect them. Fifty moose were killed, and the carcasses mostly left to rot, by a Frenchman known as Pete Fountain, last spring, on the headwaters of the Penobscot river. This Frenchman is an alien, living in Canada. Skin hunting, which is destined to destroy the finest game animals of Maine, can be readily put to an end if our Legislature will only give us the means." This is a lesson that might be taken to heart by some of our Canadian legislators.

R. O. X.



Mr. Louis Paul, known to his tribe as Uz-aqua-ha, the sagamore of the Milicete band whose lodges are pitched at Ap-ol-og-neek, sat alone in his wigwam. The wintry air was piercing in its keenness, and when the reporter for the *ILLUSTRATED* pulled aside the blanket and hurried into the wigwam the icicles on his eyebrows rattled as the bones of the Puritans may be supposed to have done while the members of the Quebec legislature were on their recent Sunday excursion to the stables of the Haras National. The red man offered his visitor a stool and a chance to thaw, for a brisk fire burned in the wigwam.

"My brother," said the reporter, "I have come to weep with you. Let us mingle our tears. Poor Sitting Bull is dead!"

"Who's he?" demanded Mr. Paul.

"What! Sitting Bull? The war chief of the Sioux? The mighty scalp taker? The terror of the whole United States? Didn't you know Sitting Bull?"

Mr. Paul gravely shook his head. "Mu: be some Yankee Injun," he commented.

"Yes," said the reporter, "a Yankee Injun."

"What he done?" queried the Milicete.

"He stopped a bullet."

"Ugh!" grunted the sagamore, "In fight?"

"In a fight. And now his spirit has gone to the happy hunting grounds and his carcass to a dissecting room. The

remnant of his braves have gone to the Bad Lands. Some did not. They had a ghost dance, and wound up by starting a colony of spectres on the spot. Runners have been sent across the border, and the red men of Canada are wanted on the warpath. Will my brother and his braves put on the paint?"

"What make us do that?" demanded the sagamore.

"To wipe out the pale-faces," answered the reporter.

"Mehbe them Yankee Injuns thinks they kin fight white man," rejoined Mr. Paul. "If you're fool that don't make me one."

"Then you won't fight?"

"Not this winter," replied the Milicete.

"Well," said the reporter, "perhaps you are wise. There are not many great warriors left now. Sitting Bull, Big Bear, Poundmaker, and Man-With-A-Nose-On-His-Face are all gone. Hit-IIim-With-A-Flask, Big John and Jim Blaine are about the only heap big Injuns there are left now to lead the braves on the warpath."

"If Big John hears you put him in same crowd with them other two you better stay 'way from Lachine," said Mr. Paul. "Them Caughnawagas heap ugly when they git mad."

"All right," said the reporter, "I won't do it."

"When you talk 'bout big chiefs," said Mr. Paul, "you better put in Old To-morrow. He's biggest chief in this country."

"They say he is a little foxy," said the reporter. "Is that so?"

"He never treat us Injuns that way," replied the Milicete.

"Uses you well, does he?"

"Best chief we ever had."

"Ah! Treats you the same as if you were white, eh?"

The sagamore's reply was to take the reporter across his knee and administer a salutary lesson in politeness, through the medium of an axe-handle. The reporter apologized and said he meant to say that Old To-morrow treated them as if they were voters. The explanation was not a whit more satisfactory, and the axe-handle was applied once more.

"Well, then," he cried at last, "how does he treat you?"

"He treats us same way's if he's Injun himself," proudly replied Mr. Paul.

It took the reporter some time to detect the delicate compliment to the tact of Old To-morrow, which this remark implied. When he did see it he said so.

"My brother, you are right. Old To-morrow is a heap big Injun."

"We got nothin' make us want to fight," said the Milicete. "We git plenty things to eat. We got schools; we got church, if we want to go there. We aint like them Yankee Injuns. If we lived over there mehbe we want to fight too."

"You think," said the reporter; "that Hit-IIim-With-A-Flask and Jim Blaine and the other chiefs over there are not like Old To-morrow, eh?"

"That's what I think," replied Mr. Paul. "If man use me right, I'm gonto say so. If he don't he can't pay me say he's good man. I been livin' round here this heap long time. I seen way Injun been used in this country. If any Injuns in this country fool enough want to fight, they want heap good lickin' right away."

"Then I may say," said the reporter, "that the voice of the Milicete nation is not for war?"

"You kin say that," rejoined the sagamore, helping himself liberally to the contents of the reporter's pouch. "When we git crazy we'll holler. We aint livin' 'mong them Yankees."

"You will be, pretty soon," said the reporter. "We are going to be annexed, you know. This country is going over to the United States in a short time."

"Who says that?" demanded Mr. Paul, reaching for his belt and scalping knife, "who told you that?"

The reporter mentioned Goldwin Smith, Erastus Wiman, Ben. Butterworth and several other medicine men who had divined this great anti-climax of Canadian development.

When he left the wigwam a few minutes later half the tribe was in war paint and the other half whetting their knives and tomahawks.



THE RIVALS.

Gossip from Nova Scotia

We are grieving, even in the midst of our Christmas festivities, for our good bishop, whose health is still so precarious. Truly, the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and we should be foolish, indeed, to attempt to question them; but, could I hope for an answer, how eagerly I would ask why one of the hundreds of idle and apparently useless persons, who are in every community, should not give his unneeded body and undisciplined mind to the weakening hand of disease, and let the loved, and necessary and useful life go on with its good deeds. Bishop Courtney is a scholar and a gentleman in every sense of the word, a good Christian and (if I may be allowed a somewhat paradoxical expression) a *born bishop*. I often admire the fine tact and uniform courtesy that characterizes his words and actions. There are some men who, when they get upon their feet in a public assembly or private gathering always cause an apprehensive and nervous tremor in the minds of their prospective listeners; it is so difficult always to say the right thing on the spur of the moment, so easy to stumble over the pet hobby of some one present, or to carry a joke a point too far. But our Bishop is the direct antithesis of this. If he rises in a meeting of any sort, a

comfortable, pleased sort of feeling rests upon us, we are sure that he knows just how much or how little to say, just how lightly to touch on a subject or how to dwell upon it till it is thoroughly appreciated by his hearers. I am not speaking now of his pulpit eloquence, but of his happy display of *tact* in an occasional or incidental speech. This characteristic shows itself in all that he does, and accounts, to a large extent, for his success. Were our poor prayers of any avail, we would petition the Throne of Grace with vehemence for this life of usefulness, till excessive importuning had the promised result.

Halifax has started a paper of a unique type in the Province. It is entirely devoted to society's sayings and doings, its amusements, diversions and charitable enterprises. The first number seems to be well edited and interesting, and I have no doubt that it will have a good circulation. It is astonishing how people enjoy seeing themselves in print; it is an immense satisfaction to some ladies to see their entertainments described at length and with some embellishments in a local paper.

Most of our Nova Scotian friends were surprised to hear that a certain young lady, well known and liked throughout the Province, was about to take upon herself the vows of Matrimony. Miss Anna Fraser has for some years been so occupied with good works and with acting as confidante to the love troubles and ecstasies of others, that her young friends had begun to forget that she might some day flit away with some favoured one. We all remember what the Fraser family was in the early part of the '70 decade. Gerrish Hall, Windsor, was an ideal place to visit,

with a generous host and hostess, and a large family of boys and girls just blossoming into manhood and womanhood. Then, one year, I think it was 1876, a relentless foe entered the household. First he took away the mother, then one after another the young lives, Rena, Elizabeth, Alvina, Harriet, Henry, Lily, all within twelve months. The family then became scattered, and only two years ago the poor old Doctor was killed by a passing train just in sight of his old home. Miss Anna, one of the two remaining daughters, to whom we are now wishing joy, is an ideal clergyman's wife, conscientious, sympathetic and devoted to all charitable works. The Rev. James Simonds, who is the happy man, is a handsome, hard-working young clergyman, a native of New Brunswick. While he keeps his bride in her native Province, where we are, we will be pleased to endorse her present action.

While I am speaking of a clergyman, I must say a word or two with reference to a disgraceful scene which took place a few weeks ago in a car on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, in which the principal actor was a Rev. Mr. Brown, a clergyman of the Church of England. On this occasion angry words and most vigorous blows on account of a real or imagined grievance were heard and witnessed by those present. Probably every one has heard the discreditable story, it is not of that I am going to speak. I know a clergyman belonging to these Provinces who, on a college cricket field, where he was as umpire or otherwise, while in anger over some dispute in the game, used language which would have disgraced a stable boy. Surely there is something wrong here. Do not our clergymen take their solemn vows hastily, before they have learned by rigid discipline to keep their passion in check and their unlucky member under restraint? Whereas, in an ordinary sinner, exhibitions of this kind merely provoke a contemptuous laugh or word from on-lookers. In the case of those trained for a holy office, discredit is brought on the faith that they profess and the God for whose service they are set apart.

I have been reading "The World's Desire," by Andrew Lang and Rider Haggard. I could find it in my heart to wish that there were more *Lang* and less *Haggard* about it. Mr. Lang is to be seen on the title page, and is a metrical apostrophized apology for the story, but elsewhere I cannot find him. It makes me think of a duet between a flute and a trombone, where the more delicately toned instrument is drowned by the boisterous notes of the other.

The *Halifax Chronicle* is gay in Christmas garb, the adorning, I see, is done by the Sabiston Lithographic Company, and is a credit to them. Professor Roberts' poem on the Snowbird is prettily illustrated, and the number is a success as a whole. Professor Sumecrast's story of Halifax military love and tragedy, and a bright tale by a local contributor afford very readable matter.

A Characteristic Letter from the Duke of Wellington.

"LONDON, July 3rd, 1847. (At Night.)
"F. M. (the Duke of Wellington) presents his compliments to Mr. Edkins. It is certainly true that anybody is at liberty to inquire the opinion of the Duke of Wellington on any subject, but he hopes that the Duke of Wellington has the liberty, which all other individuals have, to decline to give an opinion. When certain respected citizens about two years ago expressed their desire that the Duke should give sittings to an artist to enable him to construct an equestrian statue of himself which they were desirous of erecting, and which he was informed that his Gracious Sovereign had desired might be placed on the land adjoining the entrance into the Green Park from Hyde Park Corner, in commemoration of bygone events and transactions in which he had acted a part, he consented, on condition that, excepting to sit to the artist, he should from that time forward have nothing to do with the work, or, to use his own words, should be considered as dead. He has accordingly, from that time forward, had no relation with the work in question. He has seen it as others have—nay, more frequently than others, as it is placed opposite the windows of his house; but, as was becoming, he has uniformly avoided to give any opinion on the work or on the position in which it is placed. He desires to persevere in this course, which is the most becoming for an individual in a discussion on a statue for himself, intended to commemorate to posterity transactions in which he has acted a part."—From "The Life, Letters and Friendships of Lord Houghton."